

THE  
ELDER BROTHER:  
A  
COMEDIE.

Acted at the private house in *Blacke Fryers*,  
with great Applause, by His late  
Majesties Servants.

*Printed according to the true Copie..*

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Written by { FRANCIS BEAUMONT, }  
AND  
{ JOHN FLETCHER. } Gent.

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*The second Edition, Corrected and Amended.*

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at  
his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in *St. Pauls Church yard*.  
1 6 5 1.

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1871-1872

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1875-1876

1877-1878

1879-1880



*The Speakers of the Play.*

LEVVIS, *a Lord.*  
 MIRAMONT, *a Gentleman.*  
 BRISAC, *a Justice, brother to Miramont.*  
 CHARLES, *a Scholar.* } *Sonnes to Brisac.*  
 EUSTACE, *a Courtier.* }  
 EGREMONT, } *two Courtiers,* } *Friends to Eustace.*  
 COVVSY, }  
 ANDREVV, *Servant to Charles.*  
 COOKE, } *Servants to Brisac.*  
 BUTTLER, }  
 PRIEST.  
 NOTARY.  
 SERVANTS.  
 OFFICERS.

ANGELLINA, *Daughter to Lewis.*  
 SYLVIA, *her Woman.*  
 LILLY, *Wife to Andrew.*  
 LADIES.

**Lectori.**

*Wouldst thou all wit, all Comicke art survey?*  
*Reade here and wonder;* FLETCHER writ the Play.

A 2

Pro.

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## Prologue.

**B**Ut that it would take from our modestie,  
To praise the Writer, or the Comedie,  
Till your faire suffrage crown it : I should say,  
T' are all most welcome to no vulgar Play;  
And so farre we are confident ; And if he  
That made it, still live, in your memory ;  
You will expect what we present to night,  
Should be judg'd worthy of your eares and sight.  
You shall heare Fletcher in it ; his true straine,  
And neate expressions ; living he did gaine  
Your good opinions ; but now dead commends  
This Orphan to the care of noble friends :  
And may it raise in you content and mirth,  
And be receiv'd for a legitimate birth.  
Your grace erects new Trophies to his fame,  
And shall to after times preserve his name.

Actus





# The Elder Brother.

## A COMEDIE.

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### Actus I. Scæna I.

LEVVIS, ANGELLINA, SYLLVIA.

**N**ay, I must walke you farther. *Ang.* I am tyr'd Sir,  
And nere shal foot it home. *Lew.* 'Tis for your health;  
The want of exercise takes from your beauties.  
And sloth dri:s up your sweetnesse: That you are  
My onely Daughter and my heire, is granted;  
And you in thankfulnessse must needs acknowledge,  
You ever finde me an indulgent Father,  
And open handed. *Ang.* Nor can you tax me, Sir,  
I hope, for want of duty to deserve  
These favours from you. *Lew.* No, my *Angellina*,  
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,  
Which my care to advance thee, shall confirme;  
All that I aime at, is to winne thee from  
The practise of an idle foolish state  
Us'd by great Women, who thinke any labour,  
(Though in the service of themselves) a blemish

## The Elder Brother.

To their faire fortunes. *Ang.* Make me understand Sir,

What 'tis you point at. *Lew.* At the custome how

Virgins of wealthy families, wast their youth ;

After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman

Presents your breakfast, then you sleep againe,

Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others hands,

Y<sup>e</sup> are led to dinner, and that ended, either

To Cards, or to your Coach (as if you were

Born without motion) After this to Supper,

And then to bed : And so your life runs round

Without variety or action Daughter.

*Syl.* Here's a learned Lecture ! *Lew.* From this idlenesse

Diseases both of body and of minde

Grow strong upon you ; where a stirring nature

With wholesome exercise guards both from danger :

I'de have thee rise with the Sunne, walke, daunce, or hunt,

Visit the groves and Springs, and learne the vertues

Of Plants and Simples : Doe this moderately,

And thou shalt not with eating chalke, or coales,

Leather and oatmeale, and such other trash,

Fall into the Green sicknesse. *Syl.* With your pardon

(Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could

Prescribe a remedy for my Ladies health,

And her delight too, farre transcending those

Your Lordship but now mention'd. *Lew.* What is it *Sylvia*?

*Syl.* What i't? A noble Husband ; In that word, a

Noble Husband, all content of Woman

Is wholly comprehended ; He will rowse her,

As you say, with the Sunne, and so pipe to her,

As she will daunce, ne're doubt it, and hunt with her,

Upon occasion, untill both be weary ;

And then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples,

As I take it, were superfluous ; A loving,

And but adde to it a gamesome Bedfellow,

Being the sure Physician. *Lew.* Well said Wench.

*Ang.* And who gave you Commission to deliver

Your verdict Minion ? *Syl.* I deserve a fee,

And not a frown, deare Madam ; I but speake

Her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modesty

Refuses to give voyce to : Shew no mercy

## The Elder Brother.

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To a Maidenhead of fourteene, but off with't:  
 Let her loose no time Sir, fathers that deny  
 Their Daughters lawfull pleasure, when ripe for them,  
 In some kindes edge their appetites to taste of  
 The fruit that is forbidden. *Lew.* 'Tis well urg'd,  
 And I approve it; no more blushing Girle,  
 Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented  
 What I meant to move to thee: There dwells neare us  
 A Gentleman of Blood, Monsieur *Brisac*,  
 Of a faire state, six thousand Crowns *per annum*,  
 The happy Father of two hopefull Sonnes,  
 Of different breeding; Th' Elder, a mere Scholar,  
 The younger, a queint Courtier. *Ang.* Sir, I know them  
 By the publique fame, though yet I never saw them;  
 And that oppos'd antipathy between  
 Their various dispositions, renders them  
 The generall discourse and argument;  
 One part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*,  
 The other side preferring *Eustace*, as  
 A man complete in Courtship. *Lew.* And which way  
 (If of these two you were to chuse a husband)  
 Doth your affection sway you? *Ang.* To be plaine, Sir,  
 (Since you will teach me boldnesse) as they are  
 Simply themselves to neither; Let a Courtier  
 Be never so exact, let him be blest with  
 All parts that yeeld him to a Virgin gracious,  
 If he depend on others, and stand not  
 On his own bottomes, though he have meanes  
 To bring his Mistresse to a Masque, or by  
 Conveyance from some great ones lips, to taste  
 Such favour from the kings; or grant he purchase,  
 Precedency in the Country, to be sworne  
 A servant Extraordinary to the Queen:  
 Nay, though he live in expectation of  
 Some huge preferment in reversion: If  
 He want a present fortune, at the best  
 Those are but glorious dreames, and onely yeeld him  
 A happinesse in possr, not in esse;  
 Nor can they fetch him silks from th' Mercen; nor  
 Discharge a Taylors bill; nor in full plenty

Which

( Which still preserves a quiet bed at home )  
 Maintaine a family. *Lew.* Aptly consider'd,  
 And to my wish, but what's thy censure of  
 The Scholar? *Ang.* Troth ( if he be nothing else )  
 As of the Courtier : all his Songs and Sonnets,  
 His Anagrams, Acrosticks, Epigrammes,  
 His deep and Philosophicall discourse  
 Of natures hidden secrets, makes not up  
 A perfect husband ; He can hardly borrow  
 The Starres of the Celestiall Crown to make me  
 A tire for my head ; nor *Charles* Waine for a Coach,  
 Nor *Ganimede* for a Page, nor a rich gowne  
 From *Iuno's* Wardrobe, nor would I lye in  
 ( For I despaire not once to be a Mother )  
 Under heavens spangled Canopy, or banquet  
 My guests and gossips with imagin'd Nectar,  
 Pure *Orleans* would doe better ; no, no, father,  
 Though I could be well pleas'd to have my husband  
 A Courtier, and a Scholar, young, and valiant,  
 These are but gawdy nothings, if there be not  
 Something to make up a substance. *Lew.* And what's that ?  
*Ang.* A full estate, and that said, I've said all,  
 And get me such a one with these additions,  
 Farewell Virginity, and welcome wedlock.  
*Lew.* But where is such one to be met with Daughter ?  
 A black Swan is more common, you may weare  
 Grey tresses ere we finde him. *Ang.* I am not  
 So punctuall in all ceremonies, I will bate  
 Two or three of these good parts, before I'll dwell  
 Too long upon the choice. *Syl.* Onely, my Lord, remember  
 That he be rich and active, for without these,  
 The others yeeld no rellish, but these perfect :  
 You must beare with small faults, Madam. *Lew.* Merry Wench,  
 And it becomes you well, Ile to *Brisac*,  
 And try what may be done : Ith' meane time, home,  
 And feast thy thoughts with th' pleasure of a Bride.  
*Syl.* Thoughts are but airy food Sir, let her taste them.

*Actus I. Scena II.*

ANDREVV, COOKE, BUTTLER:

Unload part of the Library, and make room

For

For th' other dozen of Carts, Ile straight be with you.  
*Co.* Why hath he more books? *And.* More than ten Marts send over  
*But.* And can he tell their names? *And.* Their names? he has 'em  
 As perfect as his *Pater noster*, but that's nothing,  
 'Has read them over lease by lease three thousand times;  
 But here's the wonder, though their weight would linke  
 A Spanish Carracke, without other ballast,  
 He carrieth them all in his head, and yet  
 He walkes upright, *But.* Surely he has a strong braine.  
*And.* If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with bookes  
 Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ  
 In old moth-eaten vellam, he would sip thy Celler  
 Dry, and still be thirsty, Then for's Diet,  
 He eats and digests more Volumes at a meale,  
 Than there would be Larkes (though the sky should fall)  
 Devour'd in a moneth in *Pain*, yet feare not  
 Sonnes oth' buttery, and kitchen, though his learn'd stomach  
 Cannot b' appeas'd; Hee'll seldome trouble you,  
 His knowing stomach contemns your black Jackes, *Butler*,  
 And your Flagons, and *Cooke*, thy boyld, thy roast, thy bak'd.  
*Co.* How liveth he? *And.* Not as other men doe,  
 Few Princes fare like him; He breaks his fast  
 With *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes  
 His watering with the Muses, suppes with *Livie*,  
 Then walkes a turne or two in *via lactea*,  
 And (after six houres conference with the stars)  
 Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*. *But.* This is admirable.  
*And.* I'll tell you more hereafter, here's my old Master  
 And another old ignorant Elder, Ile upon 'em.

Enter *BRISAC*, *LEWIS*.

What *Andrew*? welcome, where's my *Charles*? speak *Andrew*,  
 Where didst thou leave thy Master? *And.* Contemplating  
 The number of the sands in the highway,  
 And from that, purposes to make a judgement  
 Of the remainder in the Sea; He is Sir,  
 In serious study, and will lose no minute,  
 Nor out of's pace to knowledge. *Lew.* This is strange.  
*And.* Yet he hath sent his duty Sir before him  
 In this faire Manuscript. *Bri.* What have we here?  
 Porthookes and Andirons! *And.* I much pitty you,

It is the Syrian Character, or the Arabick,  
 Would 'ee have it said, so great and deep a Scholar  
 As my Master *Charles* is, should ask Blessing  
 In any Christian Language? were it Greek,  
 I could interpret for you, but indeed  
 I'm gone no farther. *Bri.* And in Greek you can  
 Lie with your smug wife *Lilly*. *And.* If I keep her  
 From your French dialect, as I hope I shall Sir,  
 Howere she is your Laundresse, she shall put you  
 To th' charge of no more soape than usuall  
 For th' washing of your sheets. *Bri.* Take in the knave,  
 And let him eat. *And.* And drink too, Sir. *Bri.* And drink too, Sir,  
 And see your Masters Chamber ready for him.  
*But.* Come Doctor *Andrew*, without Disputation  
 Thou shalt commence ith' Celler. *And.* I had rather  
 Commence on a cold bak'd meat. *Co.* Thou shalt ha't, Boy. *Exeunt*  
*Bri.* Good Monsieur *Lewis* I esteeme my selfe  
 Much honour'd in your cleare intent, to joyne  
 Our ancient families, and make them one,  
 And 'twill take from my age and cares to live  
 And see what you have purpos'd put in act,  
 Of which your visite at this present is  
 A hopefull Omen; I each minute expecting  
 Th' arrivall of my Sonnes; I have not wrong'd  
 Their Birth for want of meanes and education,  
 To shape them to that course each was addic'd;  
 And therefore that we may proceed discreetly,  
 Since what's concluded rashly, seldome prospers,  
 You first shall take a strickt perusall of them,  
 And then from your allowance, your faire daughter  
 May fashion her affection. *Lew.* Monsieur *Brisac*,  
 You offer faire, and nobly, and Ile meet you  
 In the same line of honour, and I hope,  
 Being blest but with one daughter, I shall not  
 Appaere impertinently curious,  
 Though with my utmost vigilance and study,  
 I labour to bestow her to her worth;  
 Let others speake her forme, and future fortune  
 From me descending to her: I in that  
 Sit down with silence. *Bri.* You may my Lord securely,

Since

## The Elder Brother

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Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,  
Commanding all mens tongues to sing her praises:  
Should I say more, you well might censure me  
(What yet I never was) a Flatterer.  
What trampling's that without of horses?

Enter BUTLER.

Sir, my young Masters are newly alighted.  
Bri. Sir now observe their severall dispositions.

Enter CHARLES.

Bid my Subfiser carry my Hackney to the Buttry,  
And give him his bever: it is a civill,  
And sober beast, and will drinke moderately,  
And that done, turne him into the quadrangle.  
Bri. He cannot out of his University tone.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWLEY.

Hoe Lackey, take care our coursers be well rubb'd,  
And cloath'd, they have out-strip'd the winde in speed.

Lew. I marry Sir, there's mettall in this young fellow!  
What a sheeps looke his elder brother has!

Char. Your blessing, Sir? Bri. Rise Charles, thou hast it.

Eust. Sir, though it be usuall in the Court,  
(Since 'tis the Courtiers garbe) I bende my knee,  
And do expect what follows. Bri. Courtly begg'd.  
My blessing! take it. Eust. Your Lordships vow'd adorer: to Lew.

What a thing this brother is! yet Ile vouchsafe him  
The new Italian shrug ————— How clownishly

The Book-worme does return it. Ch. I'me glad y' are well. reads.

Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of  
This paire of accomplish't Monfieurs.

They are Gallants that have seen both Tropicks.

Bri. I embrace their loves. Egr. Which we'll repay with service.

Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.

Bri. I pray you make deserving use on't first:

Eustace give entertainment to your friends,  
What's in my house is theirs. Eust. Which we'll make use of;

Let's warme our brains with half a dozen healths,  
And then hang cold discourse, for we'll speak fire-works. Exeunt.

Lew. What at his book already? Bri. Fye, fye, Charles,  
No houre of interruption? Ch. Plato differs

B 2

From



From *Socrates* in this. *Bri.* Come lay them by,  
 Let them agree at leisure. *Cba.* Mans life Sir, being  
 So short, and then the way that leads unto  
 The knowledge of our selves, so long and tedious,  
 Each minute should be precious. *Bri.* In our care  
 To manage worldly bulesse, you must part with  
 This bookish contemplation, and prepare  
 Your selfe for action : to thrive in this age,  
 Is held the palme of learning : you must study  
 To know what part of my land's good for th' plough,  
 And what for pasture, how to buy and sell  
 To the best advantage, how to cure my Oxen  
 When they're oregrown with labour. *Cba.* I may doe this  
 From what I've read Sir ; for what concerns tillage ?  
 Who better can deliver it then *Virgil*  
 In his *Georgicks* ? and to cure your heards,  
 His *Bucolicks* is a masterpeece ; but when  
 He does describe the Commonwealth of Bees,  
 Their industry and knowledge of the hearbs,  
 From which they gather honey, with their care  
 To place it with *decorum* in the Hive,  
 Their government among themselves, their order  
 In going forth, and coming laden home,  
 Their obedience to their King, and his rewards  
 To such as labour, with his punishments  
 Onely insisted on the slothfull Drone,  
 I'me ravished with it, and there reape my harvest,  
 And there receive the gaine my Cattell bring me,  
 And there finde wax and honey. *Bri.* And grow rich  
 In your imagination, heyday, heyday,  
*Georgicks* and *Bucolicks*, and Bees ! Art mad ?  
*Cba.* No Sir, the knowledge of these guard me from it.  
*Bri.* But can you finde among your bundle of bookes,  
 ( And put in all your Dictionaries that speak all tongues )  
 What pleasures they enjoy, that doe embrace  
 A well shap'd wealthy Bride ? Answer me that.  
*Cba.* 'Tis frequen Sir in story, there I read of  
 All kinde of vertuous and vitious women,  
 The ancient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladies,  
 Their beauties, and deformities, and when  
 I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*,



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Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and goodnesse,  
With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,  
As if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted  
Their ravishing sweetnesse; at the present loving  
The whole sex for their goodnesse and example.  
But on the contrary when I looke on

A *Clytemnestra* or a *Tullia*,

The first bath'd in her husbands blood; The latter,  
Without a touch of piety, driving on

Her Chariot ore her fathers breathlesse trunk:

Horror invades my faculties; and comparing

The multitudes o'th' guilty, with the few

That did dye Innocents, I detest, and loath'm

As ignorance or Athiesme. *Bri.* You resolve then

Nere to make payment of the debt you owe me.

*Cha.* What debt, good Sir? *Bri.* A debt I paid my father

When I begat thee, and made him a Grandfire,

Which I expect from you. *Cha.* The children Sir,

Which I will leave to all posterity,

Begot and brought up by my painefull studies,

Shall be my living issue. *Bri.* Very well,

And I shall have a generall collection

Of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time

To be my Grandchild. *Cha.* And such a one I hope Sir,

As shall not shame the family. *Bri.* Nor will you

Take care of my estate. *Cha.* But in my wishes,

For know Sir, that the wings on which my Soule

Is mounted, have long since borne her too high

To stoope to any prey, that soares not upwards.

Sordid and dunghill mindes compos'd of earth,

In that grosse Element fixe all their happinesse;

But purer spirits, purg'd and refin'd, shake off

That clog of humane frailty; give me leave

T' enjoy my selfe, that place that does containe

My Bookes (the best Companions) is to me

A glorious Court, where houely I converse

VVith the old Sages and Philosophers,

And sometimes for variety, I conferre

VVith Kings and Emperours, and weigh their Counsels,

Calling their Victories (if unjustly got)

Unto a strict accompt, and in my phancy,

Deface their ill plac'd Statues; Can I then

Part

Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace  
 Uncertaine vanities? No, be it your care  
 T' augment your heape of wealth; It shall be mine  
 T' encrease in knowledge—Lights there for my study. *Exit.*  
*Bri.* Was ever man that had reason thus transported  
 From all sense and feeling of his proper good?  
 It vexes me, and if I found not comfort  
 In my young *Eustace*, I might well conclude  
 My name were at a period! *Lew.* Hee's indeed Sir, *{ Enter Eust.*  
 The surer base to build on. *Bri. Eustace. Eust. Sir. { Egre. Cow.*  
*Bri.* Your eare in private. *And.* I suspect my Master *{ & Andrew.*  
 Has found harsh welcome, he's gone supperlesse  
 Into his study; could I finde out the cause,  
 It may be borrowing of his bookes, or so,  
 I shall be satisfi'd. *Eust.* My duty shall Sir,  
 Take any forme you please, and in your motion  
 To have me married, you cut off all dangers  
 The violent heats of youth might beare me to.  
*Lew.* It is well answer'd. *Eust.* Nor shall you my Lord,  
 Nor your faire daughter ever finde just cause  
 To mourne your choice of me; the name of husband  
 Nor the authority it carries in it  
 Shall ever teach me to forget to be  
 As I am now her servant, and your Lordships,  
 And but that modesty forbids, that I  
 Should sound the Trumpe of my own deserts,  
 I could say my choice manners have been such  
 As render me lov'd and remarkable  
 To th' Princes of the blood. *Cow.* Nay to the King.  
*Egr.* Nay to the King & Councel. *And.* These are Court admirers,  
 And ever echo him that beares the baggage,  
 Though I be dull ey'd, I see through this juggling.  
*Eust.* Then for my hopes. *Cow.* Nay certainties. *Eust.* They stand  
 As faire as any mans. What can there fall  
 In compasse of her wishes which she shall not  
 Be suddenly posses'd of? Loves she titles?  
 By th' grace and favour of my princely friends,  
 I am what she would have me. *Bri.* He speaks well,  
 And I believe him. *Lew.* I could wish I did so.  
 Pray you a word Sir, Hee's a proper Gentleman,  
 And promises nothing, but what is possible.

*The Elder Brother.*

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So farre I will goe with you, Nay I adde,  
He hath wonne much upon me, and were he  
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain  
Were soon struck up. *Bri.* What's that my Lord? *Lew.* The heire.

*And.* Which he is not, and I trust never shall be.

*Bri.* Come, that shall breed no difference, you see  
*Charles* has giv'n ore the World; Ile undertake,  
And with much ease, to buy his birth-right of him  
For a shelve of new books; nor shall my state  
Alone make way for him, but my elder brothers,  
Who being issuelesse, t' advance our name,  
I doubt not will adde his; Your resolution?"

*Lew.* Ile first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings,

On these tearmes I am yours, as she shall be,  
Make you no scruple, get the writings ready,  
She shall be tractable; to-morrow we will hold  
A second-conference: Farewell noble *Eustace*,  
And you brave Gallants. *Eust.* Full increase of honour  
Waite ever on your Lordship. *And.* The Gowt rather

*Exit Lewis?*

And a perpetuall Meagrim. *Bri.* You see *Eustace*,  
How I travaile to possesse you of a fortune  
You were not borne to, be you worthy of it,  
Ile furnish you for a Suitor; visit her,  
And prosper in't. *Eust.* Shee's mine Sir, feare it not:  
In all my travailes, I nere met a Virgin

That could resist my courtship. *Bri.* If this take now,  
W'are made for ever, and will revelle it. *Exeunt.*

*And.* In tough welsh parsley, which in our vulgar Tongue  
Is strong hempen halters; My poore Master cooz'nd,  
And I a looker on! If we have studied

Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,  
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombes,  
VV' have made a faire hand on't, I'm glad I h've found  
Out all their plots, and their conspiracies,

This shall t'old Monsieur *Miramont*, one, that though  
He cannot reade a Proclamation, yet

Dotes on learning, and loves my Master *Charles*  
For being a Scholar, I heare he's comming hither,  
I shall meet him, and if he be that old

Rough teasty blade he alwaies us'd to be,  
Ile ring him such a peale as shall goe neare

To

To shake their belroome, peradventure, beat'm,  
For he is fire and flaxe, and so have at him. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus primi.*

*Actus 2. Scæna 1.*

MIRAMONT. BRISAC.

**N**AY brother, brother. *Bri.* Pray Sir be not moved,  
I meddle with no businesse but mine owne,  
And in mine owne 'tis reason I should governe.  
*Mir.* But know to governe then, and understand Sir,  
And be as wise as y<sup>e</sup> are hasty, though you be  
My brother and from one blood sprung, I must tell yee  
Heartily & home too. *Bri.* VVhat Sir? *Mir.* VVhat I grieve to find,  
You are a foole, and an old foole, and that's two.  
*Bri.* VVe'l part 'em, if you please. *Mir.* No they're entail'd to yee;  
Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,  
Your eldest sonne Sir, and your very Image,  
(But he's so like you that he fares the worse for't)  
Because he loves his booke and doats on that,  
And onely studies how to know things excellent,  
Above the reach of such course brains as yours,  
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther  
Then when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants,  
And choake your hide-bound Tenants with musty harvests.  
*Bri.* You goe too fast. *Mir.* I'm not come to my pace yet,  
Because h' has made his study all his pleasure,  
And is retir'd into his contemplation,  
Not meddling with the dirt and chaffe of nature,  
That makes the spirit and the minde mud too,  
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance?  
Must he be dispossess'd, and Monsieur gingle boy  
His younger brother? — *Bri.* You forget your selfe.  
*Mir.* Because h' has been at Court and learn'd new tongues,  
And how to speak a tedious speech of nothing,  
To vary his face as Seamen doe their Compasse,

To

To worship Images of gold and silver,  
 And fall before the she Calves of the Season,  
 Therefore must he jump into his brothers land?  
*Bri.* Have you done yet, and have you spake enough  
 In praise of Learning, Sir? *Mir.* Never enough.  
*Bri.* But brother doe you know what learning is?  
*Mir.* It is not to be a Justice of Peace, as you are,  
 And palter out your time ith' penall Statutes,  
 To heare the curious Tenets controverted  
 Between a Protestant Constable, and a Jesuit Cobler,  
 To pick naturall Philosophy out of bawdry  
 When your Worship's pleas'd to correct me a Lady,  
 Nor 'tis not the maine morall of blinde Justice,  
 (Which is deep learning) when your worships Tenants  
 Bring a light cause, and heavy kennes before yee,  
 Both fat and feeble, a Goose or Pig,  
 And then you sit like equity with both hands  
 Weighing indifferently the state oth' question.  
 These are your quodlibets, but no learning brother.  
*Bri.* You are so parlously in love with learning,  
 That I'de be glad to know what you understand, brother,  
 I'me sure you have read all *Aristotle*. *Mir.* Faith no,  
 But I beleeve, I have a learned faith Sir,  
 And that's it makes a Gentleman of my sort,  
 Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on't,  
 It goes so thundring as it conjur'd Devils;  
*Charles* speaks it loftily, and if thou wert a man,  
 Or had'st but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*,  
*Hesiod*, and the Greek Poets, thou would'st runne mad,  
 And hang thy self for joy th' hadst such a Gentleman  
 To be thy sonne; O he has read such things  
 To me! *Bri.* And you doe understand 'm brother.  
*Mir.* I tell thee no, that's not materiall; the sound's  
 Sufficient to confirme an honest man:  
 Good brother *Brisac*, do's your young Courtier  
 That wears the fine cloathes, and is the excellent Gentleman,  
 (The Traveller, the Souldier, as you think too)  
 Understand any other power than his Tailor?  
 Or knows what motion is, more than an horse-race?  
 What the Moon means, but to light him home from Taverns?

Or the comfort of the Sunne is, but to weare slash't clothes in ?  
 And must this peece of ignorance be popt up,  
 Because't can kisse the hand, and cry sweet Lady ?  
 Say it had been at *Rome*, and seen the Reliques,  
 Drunke your *Verdea* wine, and ridde at *Naples*,  
 Brought home a box of *Venice* treacle, with it  
 To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes :  
 Must this thing therefore?——*Bri.* Yes Sir, this thing must,

I will not trust my land to one so fotted,  
 So grown like a disease unto his study,  
 He that will fling off all occasions

And cares, to make him understand what state is,  
 And how to governe it, must by that reason,  
 Be flung himsele aside from managing:

My younger boy is a fine Gentleman.

*Mir.* He is an asse, a peece of Ginger-bread,  
 Gilt over to please foolish girles and puppets.

*Bri.* You are my elder brother. *Mir.* So I had need,  
 And have an elder wit, thou'd'st shame us all else,  
 Go too, I say, *Charles* shall inherit. *Bri.* I say no,  
 Unlesse *Charles* had a soule to understand it,  
 Can he manage six thousand Crowns a yeare  
 Out of the metaphysicks? or can all

His learn'd Astronomy look to my Vineyards?

Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines?

(I know they can drink 'em) or your excellent humanists  
 Sell 'em the Merchants for my best advantage?

Can History cut my Hay, or get my Corn in ?

And can Geometry vent it in the market?

Shall I have my Sheep kept with a *Jacobs* staffe now?

I wonder you will magnifie this mad man,

You that are old and should understand. *Mir.* Should, sai'st thou,

Thou monstrous peece of ignorance in office!

Thou that hast no more know'edge than thy Clerke infuses.

Thy dapper Clerke larded with ends of Latin,

And he no more than custome of offences;

Thou unreprieveable Dunce! that thy formall bandstrings,

Thy ring nor pomander cannot expiate for,

Do'st thou tell me I should? He pose thy Worship

In thine owne Library an Almanacke,

Which

Which thou art dayly poring on to picke out  
Dayes of iniquity to cozen fooles in,  
And full Moones to cut cattell ; do'it thou taint me,  
That have runne over story, Poetry,

Humanity? *Bri.* As a cold nipping shadow  
Does ore the eares of Corne, and leave'em blasted,  
Put up your anger, what Ile doe Ile doe.

*Mir.* Thou shalt not doe *Bri.* I will. *Mir.* Thou art an Assfe then,  
A dull old tedious Assfe, th' art ten times worse  
And of lesse credit than Duncce *Hollingshead*  
The Englishman, that writes of snowes and Sheriffes.

Enter LEVVIS.

*Bri.* Well take your pleasure, here's one I must talke with.

*Lew.* Good day Sir. *Bri.* Faire to you Sir. *Lew.* May I speak w<sup>th</sup> yee.

*Bri.* With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodnesse.

*Lew.* Good morrow Monsieur *Mirament.* *Mir.* O sweet Sir,  
Keepe your good morrow to coole your Worships pottage,  
A couple of the worlds fooles met together

To raise up dirt and dunghills. *Lew.* Are they drawne?

*Bri.* They shall be ready Sir, within these two houres,

And *Charles* set his hand. *Lew.* 'Tis necessary,  
For he being a joint purchaser, though your state  
Was got by your own industry, unlesse

He seale to the Conveyance, it can be  
Of no validity. *Bri.* He shall be ready,  
And doe it willingly. *Mir.* He shall be hang'd first.

*Bri.* I hope your daughter likes. *Lew.* She loves him well Sir,  
Young *Eustace* is a baite to catch a woman,

A budding spritely fellow, y' are resolv'd then,  
That all passe from *Charles.* *Bri.* All, all, he's nothing,

A bunch of books shall be his patrimony,  
And more then he can manage too. *Lew.* Will your brother  
Passe over his land too, to your sonne *Eustace*?

You know he has no heir. *Mir.* He will be dead first,  
And horse-collers made of 's skin ! *Bri.* Let him alone,  
A wilfull man ; my state shall serve the turne Sir.

And how does your daughter? *Lew.* Ready for the houre,  
And like a blushing Rose that staies the pulling.

*Bri.* To morrow then's the day. *Lew.* Why then to morrow  
Ile bring the Girle, get you the writings ready.



*Mir* But harke you Monsieur, have you the vertuous conscience.  
 To helpe to rob an heire, an Elder Brother  
 Of that which nature and the Law flings on him?  
 You were your fathers eldest sonne, I take it,  
 And had his Land, would you had had his wit too,  
 Or his discretion to consider nobly,  
 What 'tis to deale unworthily in these things;  
 Yqu'll say, hee's none of yours, he's his sonne,  
 And he will say, he is no sonne to inherit  
 Above a shelfe of books, Why did he get him?  
 Why was he brought up to write and reade and know things?  
 Why was he not like his father, a dumbe Justice?  
 A flat dull peece of flegme, shap'd like a man,  
 A reverend Idoll in a peece of auras?  
 Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,  
 Or any capitall crime to his charge? *Lew.* I doe not,  
 Nor doe not weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir,  
 This man must answer. *Eri.* I have don already,  
 And giv'n sufficient reason to secure me;  
 And so good morrow brother to your patience. *Exeunt.*  
*Lew.* Good morrow. *Monsieur Miramont.* *Mir.* Good night,  
 caps.

Keep your brains warm, or Maggons will breed in 'm.  
 Well *Charles*, thou shalt not want to buy thee books yet,  
 The fairest in thy study are my gift,  
 And the Univerlity *Lorraine* for thy sake  
 Hath tasted of my bounty, and to vex  
 Th' old doting foole thy father, and thy brother,  
 They shall not thare a *Solz* of mine between them;  
 Nay more, Ile give thee eight thousand Crowns a year,  
 In some high straine to write my Epitaph. — *Exit.*

*Actus II. Scena II.*

EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWVS &amp;c.

How doe I look now to my eider Brother;  
 Nay, 'tis a handsome Suite. *Cow.* All courtly, courtly,  
*Eust.* Ile assure ye Gentlemen, my Tailor has travaill'd,  
 And speaks as lofty language in his bills too,  
 The cover of an old book would not shew thus.

Fye,



Fye, fye, what things these Academicks are,  
 These book-wormes, how they look! Egr. Th' are mere Images  
 They'll prattle yee of *primum mobile*,  
 And tell a story of the state of Heaven,  
 What Lords and Ladies governe in such houses,  
 And what wonders they doe when they meet together,  
 And how they spit snow, fire, and haile like a Jugler,  
 And make a noise when they are drunk, which we call Thunder  
 Cow. They are the sneaking 'st things, and the contemptiblest;  
 Such small beere brains, but ask 'em any thing  
 Out of the Element of their understanding,  
 And they stand gaping like a roasted Pig;  
 Doe they know what a Court is, or a Councell,  
 Or how th' affaires of Christendome are manag'd?  
 Doe they know any thing but a tyr'd hackney?  
 And they cry absurd as the horse and the load, em.  
 They have made a fine youth of your elder brother,  
 A pretty peece of flesh. Eust. I thank 'm for it,  
 Long may he study to give me his state.  
 Saw you my Mistresse? Egr. Yes, she's a sweet young woman,  
 But be sure you keep her from learning. Eust. Songs she  
 May have, and read a little unbak'd Poetrie,  
 Such as the Dabblers of our time contrive.  
 That has no weight, nor wheele to move the minde;  
 Nor indeed nothing but an empty sound;  
 She shall have cloathes, but not made by Geometry,  
 Horses and Coach but of no immortal races;  
 I will not have a Scholar in mine house,  
 Above a gentle Reader; They corrupt:  
 The foolish women with their subtle problems:  
 Ile have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright  
 Prating Philosophers from entertainment.  
 Cow. It will doe well, love those that love good fashions,  
 Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'm,  
 That speak the lispe of Court, Oh 'tis great learning!  
 To ride well, daunce well, sing well, or whistle Courtly,  
 Th' are rare endowments; that have seen farre Countries,  
 And can speak strange things, though they speak no truths,  
 For then they make things common. When are you married?  
 Eust. To morrow, I think, we must have a Masque Boyes;

And of our own making. *Egr.* Tis not halfe an houres work,  
*A Cupid* and a fiddle, and the thing's done,  
 But let's be handsome, shall's be Gods or Nymphs?  
*Eust.* What, Nymphs with beards? *Cow.* That's true, wee'll be  
 Knights then,

Some wandring Knights, that light here on a sudden.

*Eust.* Let's go, let's go, I must goe visit, Gentlemen,

And marke what sweet lips I must kisse to morrow.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus II. Scena III.*

COOKE, ANDREVV, BUTLER.

And how does my Master? *And.* Is at's book, peace Coxcombe,  
 That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask for him!

*Co.* Do's he not study conjuring too? *And.* Have you

Loit any place, *Butler*? *But.* No, but I know

I shall to morrow at dinner. *And.* Then to morrow

You shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle

With no spirits oth' *Buttry*, they taste too small for us;

Keep me a pye *in folio*, I beseech thee,

And thou shalt see how learnedly He translate him;

Shall's have good cheere to morrow? *Co.* Ex' Lent, good cheere

*Andrew.*

*And.* The spight on't is, that much about that time,

I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,

Which are the Males and Females of red Herrings,

And whether they be taken in the red Sea onely,

A question found out by *Copernicus*,

The learned Motion-maker. *Co.* I marry, *Butler*,

Here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him,

Would swear he understood no more than we doe.

*But.* Certaine, a learned *Andrew.* *And.* I've so much on't,

And am so loaden with strong understanding,

I feare they'll run me mad, here's a new instrument,

A metamatricall glister the Moon with,

When she is laden with cold flegmatick humours,

And here's another to remove the Stars,

When they grow too thick in the Firmament.

*Co.* O heavens! why doe I labour out my life

In a beefe-pot? And onely search the secrets

Of a Sallad, and know no further! *And.* They are not  
Reveal'd to all heads; These are far above

Your Element of Fire, *Cooke*, I could tell you  
Of *Archimedes* glasse to fire your coales with,  
And of the Philosophers turfe that nere goes out;  
And *Gilbert Butler*, I could ravish thee,

With two rare inventions. *But.* But what are they *Andrew*?

*And.* The one to blanch your bread for chippings base,  
And in a moment, as thou would'st an Almond,  
The Sect of the Epicurians invented that;  
The other for thy trenchers, that's a strong one,  
To cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute,  
And no noise heard, which is the wonder *Gilbert*,

And this was out of *Plato's* new *Idea's*

*But.* Why what a learned Master do'st thou serve *Andrew*?

*And.* These are but the scrapings of his understanding *Gilbert*;

With Gods and Goddeses, and such strange people

He deales, and treats with in so plaine a fashion,

As thou do'st with thy boy that draws thy drink,

Or *Ralph* there with his kitchin boyes and scalders.

*Coo.* But why should he not be familiar and talke sometimes,

As other Christians doe, of hearty matters,

And come into the kitchin, and there cut his breakfast?

*But.* And then retire to the Buttry and there eate it,

And drink a lusty bowle, my young Master

That must be now the heire, will doe all these,

I and be drunk too; These are mortall things.

*And.* My Master studies immortalitie. *Coo.* Now thou talk'st

Of immortality, how does thy wife *Andrew*? My old Master

Did you no small pleasure when he procur'd her

And stock'd you in a farme. If he should love her now,

As he hath a Colts tooth yet, what sayes your learning

And your strange instruments to that my *Andrew*?

Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it?

Can ye put by his Mathematicall Engine?

*And.* Yes, or Ile break it; thou awaken'st me,

And Ile peepe ith' Moon this moneth but Ile watch for him.

My master rings, I must goe make him a fire,

And conjure ore his books. *Coo.* Adieu good *Andrew*,

And send thee manly patience with thy learning. — *Exeunt.*

*Actus*

Alms H. Scene IV.

CHARLES.

I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,  
 And all my faculties turn into study,  
 'Tis meat and sleep; what need I outward garments,  
 When I can cloathe my selfe with understanding,  
 The Stars and glorious Planets have no Tailors,  
 Yet ever new they are, and shine like Courtiers,  
 The seasons of the year have no fond parents,  
 Yet some are arm'd in silver Ice that glitters,  
 And some in gawdy green come in like Masquers,  
 The Silk-worm spins her own saite and her lodging,  
 And has no aide, nor partner in her labours:  
 Why should we care for any thing but knowledge,  
 Or look upon the world but to contemne it?

Enter ANDREW.

Would you have any thing? Cba. Andrew, I finde  
 There is a spee growne ore the eye off' Bull,  
 Which will goe nere to blinde the Constellation.  
 And Put a gold-ring in's nose, and that will cure him.  
 Cba. Ariadne's crown's awry too, two main stars  
 That held it fast are slipp'd out. And. Send it presently  
 To Gallatée the Italian Star-wright  
 Hee'll set it right againe with little labour.

Cba. Thou art a pretty Scholar. And. I hope I shall be,  
 I have not swept your books so long to know nothing.  
 Cba. I heare thou art married. And. It hath pleas'd your father  
 To match me to a maide of his own choosng,  
 I doubt her constellation's loose too, and wants nailing,  
 And a sweet farme he has given us a mile off Sir.  
 Cba. Marry thy selfe to understanding, Andrew.  
 These women are Errata in all Authours,  
 They're faire to see to, and bound up in vellam,  
 Smoothe, white, and cleare, but their contents are monstrous;  
 They treat of nothing, but dull ages and diseases.  
 Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is  
 On those shelves Andrew. And. I think I have not Sir.

Cba.

*Cba.* No, if thou had'st should'st nere have warmed a woman  
In thy bosome, they're Cataplasmes made oth' deadly sins,  
I nere saw any yet but mine own mother,  
Or if I did, I not regarded them, but  
As shadowes that passe by of under Creatures.  
*And.* Shall I bring you one? Ile trust you with my owne wife;  
I would not have your brother goe beyond ye,  
Th'are the prettiest naturall Philosophers to play with.  
*Cba.* No, no, th'are opticks to delude mens eyes with.  
Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, *Andrew*?  
*And.* No, but he speaks high Dutch, and that goes as daintily.  
*Cba.* Reach me the books down I read yesterday,  
And make a little fire, and get a Manchet,  
Make cleane those instruments of brasse I shew'd you,  
And set the great Sphere by, then take the fox taile  
And purge the Books from dust, last take your *Lilly*,  
And get your part ready. *And.* Shall I goe home Sir?  
My wives name is *Lilly*, there my best part lies, Sir.  
*Cba.* I mean your Grammar, O thou dunderhead!  
Would'st thou ever be in thy wives *Syntaxis*?  
Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturbe me,  
I am to finde a secret. *And.* So am I too,  
Which if I doe finde, I shall make some smart for't. ——— *Exeunt.*

*Actus 3. Scena 1.*

LEWIS, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, NOTARY.

**T**His is the day my daughter *Angellina*,  
The happy day that must make you a fortune,  
A large and full one, my great care has wrought it,  
And yours must be as great to entertaine it,  
Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all points,  
And his behaviour affable and courcly,  
His person excellent, I know you finde that,  
I reade it in your eyes, you like his youth,  
Young handsome people should be match'd together,  
Then follows handsome Children, handsome fortunes,

D

The

The most part of his fathers state, my Wench,  
Is ti'd in joynture, that makes up the harmony,  
And when y'are married he's of that soft temper,  
And so farre will be chain'd to your observance,  
That you may rule and turne him as you please.  
What are the writings drawn on our side, Sir?

*Not.* They are, and here I have so fetter'd him,  
That if the Elder Brother set his hand to,  
Not all the power of Law shall ere release him.

*Lew.* These Notaries are notable confident Knaves,  
And able to doe more mischief than an Army:  
Are all your clauses sure? *Not.* Sure as proportion,  
They may turne Rivers sooner than these Writings.  
Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?

*Lew.* 'Twas not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found,  
It had been but a fault made in the Writing,  
If not found all the land. *Lew.* These are small Devills  
That care not who has mischief, so they make it;  
They live upon the meere scent of dissention.

'Tis well, 'tis well, Are you contented Girl?  
For your will must be known. *Ang.* A husband's welcome,  
And as an humble wife Ile entertaine him,  
No soveraignty I aime at, 'tis the mans Sir,  
For she that seekes it, kills her husbands honour:  
The Gentleman I have seen, and well observ'd him,  
Yet finde not that grac'd excellence you promise,  
A pretty Gentleman, and he may please too,  
And some few flashes I have heard come from him,  
But not to admiration, as to others;  
He's young, and may be good, yet he may make it,  
And I may help, and help to thank him also.  
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,  
And 't has been still my duty to observe you.

*Lew.* Why then let's goe, and I shall love your modesty.  
To horse, and bring the Coach out. *Argellina,*  
To morrow you will look more womanly.

*Ang.* So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, Sir. *Exeunt.*

## The Elder Brother

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Actus III. Scena II.

BRISAC, ANDREVV, COOKE, LILLY.

Waite on your Master, he shall have that befits him.  
*And*, No inheritance, Sir? *Bri*. You speak like a foole, a coxcombe,  
He shall have an annuall means to buy him bookes,  
And finde him clothes and meat, what would he more?  
Trouble him with Land? 'tis flat against his nature:  
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

*And*, Shall Master *Eustace* have all? *Bri*. All, all, he knows how  
To use it, he's a man bred in the world,  
T' other it<sup>h</sup> heavens: my masters, pray be wary,  
And serviceable, and *Cooke* see all your sawces  
Be sharp and poynant in the pallat, that they may  
Commend you, look to your roast and bak'd meats handsomely,  
And what new kickshawes and delicate made things---

Is th' Musick come? *But*. Yes Sir, th' are here at breakfast.  
*Bri*. There will be a Masque too, you must see this room clean,  
And *Butler* your door open to all good fellows,  
But have an eye to your plate, for there be Furies:  
My *Lilly* welcome, you are for the linnen,  
Sort it, and set it ready for the table,  
And see the bride-bed made, and look the cords be  
Not cut a sunder by the Gallants too,

There be such knacks abroad; hark hither, *Lilly*,  
To morrow night at twelve a clock, Ile suppe w' ye,  
Your husband shall be safe, Ile send ye meat too,  
Before I cannot well slip from my company.

*And*. Will ye so, will you so, Sir? Ile make one to eate it,  
I may chance to make you stagger too. *Bri*. No answer, *Lilly*?

*Lil*. One word about the linnen; Ile be ready,  
And rest your worships still. *And*. And Ile rest w' yee,  
You shall see what rest 'twill be: Are ye so nimble:  
A man had need have ten paire of eares to watch you.

*Bri*. Waite on your Master, for I know he wants ye,  
And keep him in his study, that the noise  
Doe not molest him: I will not faile my *Lilly*——

Come in sweet hearts, all to their severall duties. *Exeunt*.

*And*. Are you kissing ripe, Sir? Double but my farme  
And kisse her till thy heart ake; these smock vermin,

How eagerly they leape at old mens kisses,  
 They lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure;  
 And if't were not for th' scurvy name of Cuckold,  
 He should lye with her, I know she'll labour at length  
 With a good Lordship. If he had a wife now,  
 But that's all one, Ile fit him: I must up  
 Unto my Master, he'll be mad wih study. *Exit.*

*Actus III. Scæna III.*

CHARLES.

What noise is this, my head is broken,  
 Within a Parenthesis, in every corner  
 As if the earth were shaken with some strange Collect,  
 There are stirs and motions, What Planet rules this house?

*Enter ANDREW.*

Who's there? *And.* Tis I Sir, faithfull *Andrew.* *Cba.* Come neere,  
 And lay thine eare down, hear'tt no noise? *And.* The Cookes  
 Are chopping herbs and mince meat to make pies,  
 And breaking Marrow-bones--- *Cba.* Can they set them  
 againe?

*And.* Yes, yes, in brothes and puddings, and they grow stronger  
 For th' use of any man. *Cba.* What squeaking's that?  
 Sure there is a massacre. *And.* Of Pigs and Geese Sir,  
 And Turkeys for the spit. The Cookes are angry Sir,  
 And that makes up the medly. *Cba.* Doe they thus  
 At every dinner? I nere mark'd them yet,  
 Nor know who is a Cooke. *And.* Th' are sometimes sober,  
 And then they beat as gently as a Tabor.

*Cba.* What loades are these? *And.* Meate, meate, Sir, for the  
 Kitchen,

And sinking fowles the Tenants have sent in,  
 They'll nere be found out at a generall eating,  
 And there's fat Venison, Sir, *Cba.* What's that? *And.* VVhy Deere,  
 Those that men fatten for their private pleasures,  
 And let their Tenants starve upon the Commons.

*Cba.* I've read of Deere, but yet I nere eate any.

*And.* And there's a Fishmongers boy with Caviar Sir,  
 Anchoves and Potargo to make ye drink.

*Cba.*



*The Elder Brother.*

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*Cba.* Sure these are moderne, very moderne meats,  
For I understand 'em not. *And.* No more do's any man  
From Caca merda or a substance worse,  
Till they be greas'd with oyle, and rub'd with onions,  
And then flung out of doores, they are rare *Sallds.*

*Cba.* And why is all this, prithee tell me *Andrew?*

Are there any Princes to dine here to day?

By this abundance, sure there should be Princes;

I've read of entertainment for the Gods

At halfe this charge, will not six dishes serve 'em?

I never had but one, and that a small one.

*And.* Your Brother's married to day, hee's married,

Your younger brother *Euface.* *Cba.* What of that?

*And.* And all the friends about are bidden hither.

There's not a dog that knows the house but comes too.

*Cba.* Married? to whom? *And.* Why to a dainty Gentlewoman,

Young, sweet, and modest. *Cba.* Are there modest women?

How do they look? *And.* O you'd blisse your selfe to see them.

He parts with's booke, he nere did so before yet.

*Cba.* What does my father for 'em? *And.* Gives all his land,

And makes your brother heir. *Cba.* Must I have nothing?

*And.* Yes, you must study still, and hee'll maintaine you.

*Cba.* I am his Elder Brother. *And.* True, you were so,

But he has leap'd ore your shoulders, Sir. *Cba.* Tis well,

Hee'll not inherit my understanding too?

*And.* I think not, hee'll scarce finde Tenants to let it

Out to. *Cba.* Hark, hark. *And.* The Coach that brings the faire

Lady

*Enter LEVVIS, ANGELEINA, Ladies*

NOTARY, &c.

*And.* Now you may see her. *Cba.* Sure this should be modest;

But I doe not truly know what women make of it,

*Andrew;* she has a face looks like a story,

The story of the heavens looks very like her.

*And.* She has a very wide face then. *Cba.* She has a Cherubins,

Cover'd and vail'd with modest blushes.

*Euface* be happy, whiles poore *Charles* is patient.

Get me my book againe, and come in with me. ---

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*The Elder Brother.*

*Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT,  
COVVSY, MIRAMONT.*

*Bri.* Welcome sweet Daughter, welcome noble brother,  
And you are welcome Sir, with all your writings,  
Ladies most welcome; What? my angry brother?  
You must be welcome too, the feast is flat else.

*Mir.* I come not for your welcome, I expect none,  
I bring no joyes to blesse the bed withall,  
Nor Songs, nor Masques to glorifie the Nuptials,  
I bring an angry minde to see your folly,  
A sharpe one too, to reprehend you for it.

*Bri.* You'll stay and dine though? *Mir.* All your meate smells  
musty.

Your Table will shew nothing to content me.

*Bri.* Ile assure you, here's good meate. *Mir.* But your sawce is  
scurvy,

It is not season'd with the sharpnesse of discretion.

*Eust.* It seems your anger is at me, deare Uncle.

*Mir.* Thee, thou art not worth my anger, th'art a boy,  
A lump of o'thy fathers likenesse, made of nothing  
But antick cloathes and cringes, looke in thy head,  
And 'twill appeare a football full of fumes  
And rotten smoke: Lady, I pity you,  
You are a handsome and a sweet young Lady,  
And ought to have a handsome man yoak'd t' yee,  
An understanding too, this is a Gincracke,  
That can get nothing but new fashions on you,  
For say he have a thing shap'd like a childe,  
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a Tailor.

*Eust.* These are but harsh words Uncle. *Mir.* So I meane 'em,  
Sir, you play harsher play w' your elder brother.

*Eust.* I would be loth to give you. *Mir.* Doe not venter,  
Ile make your wedding cloathes fit closer t' ee then;  
I but disturbe you, Ile goe see my Nephew.

*Lew.* Pray take a peece of rosemary. *Mir.* Ile weare it,  
But for the Ladies sake, and none of yours,

May be Ile see your table too. *Bri.* Pray doe, Sir. *Exit Miramont*

*Ang.* A mad old Gentleman. *Bri.* Yes faith, sweet daughter,  
He has been thus his whole age to my knowledge,  
He has made Charles his heire, I know that certainly,

Then

*The Elder Brother.*

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Then why should he grudge *Eustace* anything?  
*Ang.* I would not have a light head, nor one laden  
With too much learnings, as they say, this *Charles* is,  
That makes his booke his Mistresse: Sure, there's something  
Hid in this old mans anger, that declares him  
Not a meere Sot. *Bri.* Come shall we goe and seale, brother?  
All things are ready, and the Priest is here,  
When *Charles* has set his hand unto the Writings,  
As he shall instantly, then to the Wedding,  
And so to dinner. *Lew.* Come, let's seal the book first,  
For my daughters Joynture. *Bri.* Let's be private in't, Sir. *Exeunt.*

*Actus III. Scena IV.*

Enter CHARLES, MIRAMONT,  
ANDREVV.

*Mir.* Nay, y'are undone. *Cba.* Hum. *Mir.* Ha' ye no greater feeling?

*And.* You were sensible when the great booke, Sir,  
Fell on your head, and now the house  
Is ready to fall, Doe you feare nothing? *Cba.* Will  
Hee have my bookes too? *Mir.* No, he has a booke,  
A faire one too to reade on, and reade wonders,  
I would thou hadst her in thy study Nephew,  
And 'twere but to new string her. *Cba.* Yes, I saw her,  
And me thought 'twas a curious peece of learning,  
Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.

*And.* He flung away his book. *Mir.* I like that in him,  
Would he had flung away his dulnesse too,  
And spake to her. *Cba.* And must my brother have all?

*Mir.* All that your father has. *Cba.* And that faire woman  
too?

*Mir.* That woman also. *Cba.* He has enough then.  
May I not see her sometimes, and call her Sister?  
I will doe him no wrong. *Mir.* This makes me mad,  
I could now cry for anger; these old fooles  
Are the most stubborne & the wilfullest Coxcombs.  
Farewell, and fall to your booke, forget your brother,

You

You are my heire, and Ile provide y' a wife:  
Ile look upon this marriage though I hate it. *Exit.*

*Enter BRISA C.*

Where is my sonne? *And.* There Sir, casting a figure  
What chopping children his brother shall have.

*Bri.* He do's well; How do'st Charles? still at thy book?

*And.* He's studying now Sir, who shall be his father?

*Bri.* Peace you rude Knave—Come higher Charles, bee  
merry.

*Cha.* I thanke you I am busie at my booke, Sir,

*Br.* You must put your hand my Charles, as I would have you,  
Unto a little peece of parchment here,

Onely your name, you write a reasonable hand.

*Cha.* But I may doe unreasonably to write it,

What is it Sir? *Bri.* To passe the land I have, Sir,

Unto your younger brother. *Cha.* Is't no more?

*Bri.* No, no, 'tis nothing, you shal be provided studies

And new bookes you shall have still, and new for,

And have your means brought in without the care boy,

And one still to attend you. *Cha.* This shews your love father.

*Bri.* I'm tender to you. *And.* Like a stone, I take it.

*Cha.* Why father, Ile goe down an't please you let me,

Because Ide see the thing they call the Gentlewoman,

I see no women but through contemplation,

And there Ile do't before the company.

And wish my brother fortune. *Bri.* Doe I prithee, 'twill be tenne  
times better.

*Cha.* I must not stay, for I have things above

Require my study. *Bri.* No thou shalt not stay,

Thou shalt have a brave dinner too. *And.* Now has he

Orethrowne himself for ever; I will down

Into the Celler, and be stark drunk for anger. *Exeunt.*

*Actus III. Scena V.*

*Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, EUSTACE, Priest,*

*Ladies, COVVEY, Notary, MIRAMONT.*

*Not.* Come let him bring his sonnes hand, and all's done.

*Eust.* Doe not we stay long Mistress? *Ang.* I finde no fault, Sir,  
Better things well done than want time to doe them.

Uncle

Uncle, why are you sad? *Mir.* Sweet smelling blossome,  
Would I were thine Uncle to thine owne content,  
Ide make thy husbands state a thousand, better  
A yearely thousand, thou hast mist a man,  
(But that he is addicted to his study,  
And knowes no other Mistresse than his minde)  
Would weigh downe bundles of these empty kexes.

*Ang.* Can he speake, Sir? *Mir.* Faith yes, but not to women:  
His language is to heaven, and heavenly wonder,  
To Nature, and her darke and secret causes.

*Ang.* And does he speake well there? *Mir.* O, admirably,  
But hee's too bashfull to behold a woman,  
Theres none that sees him, nor he troubles none.

*Ang.* He is a man. *Mir.* Yes, and a cleare sweet spirit.

*Ang.* Then conversation me thinks—*Mir.* So thinke I too,  
But it is his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

*Ang.* I like thy noblenesse. *Eust.* See my mad Uncle  
Is courting my faire Mistresse. *Lew.* Let him alone,  
There's nothing that allayes an angry minde  
So soone as a sweet beauty; hee'l come to us.

Enter BRISAC, CHARLES.

*Eust.* My father's here, my brother too! that's a wonder,  
Broke like a spirit from his Cell. *Bri.* Come hither,  
Come nearer *Charles*, 'Twas your desire to see

My noble Daughter, and the company,  
And give your brother joy, and then to seale boy.  
You doe like a good brother. *Lew.* Marry do's he,  
And he shall have my love for ever for't.

Put to your hand now. *Net.* Here's the Deede Sir, ready.

*Cba.* No, you must pardon me a while, I tell ye,  
I am in contemplation, doe not trouble me.

*Bri.* Come, leave thy study, *Charles.* *Cba.* Ile leave my life first;  
I study now to be a man, I've found it.

Before, what man was, was my Argument.

*Mir.* I like this best of all, he has taken fire,  
His dull mist flies away. *Eust.* Will you set too your hand brother?

*Cua.* No, brother no, I have no time for poore things,  
I'm taking th'height of that bright Constellation.

*Bri.* I say, you trifle time, sonne. *Cba.* I will not seale, Sir,  
I am your eldest, and Ile keepe my birthright;

E

For

For heaven forbid I should become example ;  
 Had yee' shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,  
 And been a proud man to have parted with it ;  
 'Tis dirt, and labour ; doe I speake right Vncle ?

*Mir.* Bravely my boy, and blesse thy tongue. *Cba.* Ile forward,  
 But you have open'd to me such a treasure,  
 I finde my minde free, heaven direct my fortune.

*Mir.* Can he speake now? Is this a sonne to sacrifice ?

*Cba.* Such an inimitable peece of beauty,  
 That I have studied long, and now found only,  
 That Ile part sooner with my soule of reason,  
 And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly ;  
 And onely make the number of things up  
 Than yeeld one foot of Land, if she be ty'd to't.

*Lew.* Hespeakes unhappily. *Ang.* And me thinkes bravely,  
 This the meere Scholar ? *Eust.* You but vexe your selfe brother,  
 And vexe your studie too. *Cba.* Goe you and studie,

For 'tis time young *Eustace*, you want man and manners,  
 I've studied both, although I made no shew on't,  
 Goe turne the Volumes over I have read,  
 Eate and digest them, that they may grow in thee,  
 Weare out the tedious night with thy dim Lampes  
 And sooner loose the day than leave a doubt,  
 Distill the sweetnesse from the Poets Spring.  
 And learne to love, Thou know'st not what faire is,  
 Traverse the Stories of the great Heroes.

The wise and civil lives of good men walk through;  
 Thou hast seene nothing but the face of Countries,  
 And brought home nothing but their empty words:  
 Why should'st thou weare a Jewell of this worth ?  
 That hast no worth within thee to preserve her.

*Beauty cleare and faire,  
 where the aire*

*Rather like a perfume dwelles,  
 Where the violet and the rose  
 Their blew veines in blush disclose,  
 And come to honour nothing else.*

Where

## The Elder Brother.

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Where to live neere,  
and planted there,  
Is to live, and still live new,  
Where to gaine a favour is  
More than light, perpetuall blisse,  
Make me live by serving you.

Deare againe back call,  
to this light,  
A stranger to himselfe and all;  
Both the wonder and the story  
Shall be yours, and eke the glory.  
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speake such another Ode, and take all yet,  
What say ye to the Scholler now? *Ang.* I wonder;  
Is he your brother, Sir? *Eust.* Yes, would he were buried,  
I feare hee'l make an asse of me a younger.

*Ang.* Speake not so softly Sir, tis very likely.

*Bri.* Come leave your finicall talke, and let's dispatch, *Charles.*

*Cha.* Dispatch? What? *Bri.* Why the land. *Cha.* You are deceiv'd,  
Sir.

Now I perceive what 'tis that woes a woman,  
And what maintaines her when shee's woo'd. Ile stop here.

A wilfull poverty nere made a beauty,  
Nor want of meanes maintain'd it vertuously;

Though land and monies be no happinesse,  
Yet they are counted good Additions.

That use Ile make. He that neglects a blessing,  
Though he want present knowledge how to use it,  
Neglects himself; May be I have done you wrong Lady,  
Whose love and hope went hand in hand together,  
May be my brother, that has long expected  
The happy houre and blest my ignorance:

Pray give me leave Sir, I shall cleare all doubts.

Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me that?

(*Mir.* Hee'l talke thee into a pension for thy knavery)

*Cha.* You happy you, why did you breake unto me?

The rosie singred morne nerebroke so sweetly:

I am a man and have desires within me,

Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,  
 And lay dead, till your Spring of beauty rais'd them,  
 Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,  
 A Chaos of confus'dnesse dwelt in me;  
 Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguisht,  
 And into forme he drew my faculties;  
 And now I know my Land, and now I love too.  
*Bri.* We had best remove the maid. *Char.* It is too late Sir,  
 I have her figure here. Nay frowne not *Eustace*,  
 There are lesse worthy soules for younger brothers,  
 This is no forme of silke but sanctity,  
 Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignifie.  
 Remove her where you will, I walke along still,  
 For like the light we make no separation;  
 You may sooner part the billowes of the Sea,  
 And put a barre betwixt their fellowships,  
 Than blot out my remembrance, sooner shut  
 Old time into a den, and stop his motion,  
 Wash off the swift houres from his downy wings,  
 Or steale eternity to stop his glasse,  
 Then shut the sweet Idea I have in me,  
 Roome for an elder brother, pray give place, Sir.  
*Mir.* Has studied duell too, take heede, hee'l beate thee.  
 Has frighted the old Justice into a fever;  
 For though he be grave with yeares, hee's a great baby.  
*Cha.* Doe not you thinke me mad? *Ang.* No certaine, Sir,  
 I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.  
*Cha.* You looke upon my clothes and laugh at me.  
 My scurvie clothes! *Ang.* They have rich lynyngs Sir.  
 I would your brother———*Cha.* His are gay and gawdy.  
*Ang.* But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of Copper.  
*Cha.* Can ye love me? I am an heire, sweet Lady,  
 However I appeare a poore dependant;  
 Can you love with honour, I shall love so ever:  
 Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.  
 Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father must dye.  
*Mir.* That was well put in, I hope hee'll take it deeply.  
*Cha.* Old men are not immortal, as I take it,  
 Is it, you looke for, youth and handsonnesse?  
 I doe confesse my brother's a handsome Gentleman,

But



But he shall give me leave to leade the way Lady,  
 Can you love for love, and make that the reward?  
 The old man shall not love his heapes of gold  
 With a more dosing superstition,  
 Than Ile love you; The young man his delights,  
 The Merchant when he ploughs the angry sea up  
 And sees the mountaine billowes falling on him,  
 As if all Elements, and all their angers  
 Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,  
 Shall not with grearer joy imbrace his safety.  
 Wee'll live together like two wanton Vines,  
 Circling our soules and loves in one another,  
 Wee'll spring together and weell beare one fruit,  
 One joy shall make us smile, and one grieve mourne,  
 One age goe with us, and one houre of death  
 Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.  
*Ang.* And one hand scale the match, I me yours for ever.  
*Lew.* Nay, stay, stay, stay. *Ang.* Nay certainly, tis done Sir.  
*Bri.* There was a contract. *Ang.* Onely conditionall,  
 That if he had the land, he had my love too;  
 This Gentleman's the heire, and hee'll maintaine it.  
 Pray be not angry Sir, at what I say;  
 Or if you be, tis at your owne adventure.  
 You have the outside of a pretty Gentleman,  
 But by my troth your inside is but barren;  
 Tis not a face I onely am in love with,  
 Nor will I say your face is excellent,  
 A reasonable hunting face to court the winde with;  
 Nor th' are not words unlesse they be well plac'd too,  
 Nor your sweet Dam-meas, nor your hired verses.  
 Nor telling me of cloathes, nor Coach and horses,  
 No nor your visits each day in new suites,  
 Nor your blacke patches you weare variously,  
 Some cut like starres, some in halfe Moones, some Lozenges,  
 ( All which but shew you still a younger brother )  
*Mir.* Gramercy Wench; thou hast a noble soule too.  
*Ang.* Nor your long travailes, nor your little knowledge,  
 Can make me doate upon you. Faith goe study,  
 And gleane some goodnesse, that you may shew manly,  
 Your brother at my suite I me sure will teach you,

Or onely study how to get a wife Sir,  
Y' are cast farre behind, tis good you should be melancholy,  
It shewes like a Gamester that had lost his money,  
And tis the fashion to weare your arme in a skarte Sir,  
For you have had a shrewd cut ore your fingers.

*Lew.* But are y' in earnest? *Ang.* Yes, beleewe me father,  
You shall neere choose for me, y' are old and dim Sir,  
And th' shadow of the earth eclips'd your judgement,  
Y' have had your time wthout controule deare father,  
And you must give me leave to take mine now Sir.

*Bri.* This is the last time of asking, Will you set your hand too?

*Cha.* This is the last time of answering. I will never.

*Bri.* Out of my doores. *Char.* Most willingly. *Mir.* Hee shall Cox-combe.

And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, foole.

*Ang.* Must I be gone too? *Lew.* I will never know thee.

*Ang.* Then this man will, what fortune he shall runne, father,  
Bee't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter EGREMONT.

When shall the Masque beginne? *Eust.* Tis done already,  
All, all, is broken off, I am undone friends,  
My brother's wife again, and has spoyl'd all,  
Will not release the land, pox on't has got the wench too.

*Egre.* Could he not stay till the Masque was past? w' are ready.

What a skirvie trick's this? *Mir.* O you may vanish,  
Performe it at some Hall, where the Citizens wives  
May see't for fixe pence a peece, and a cold supper.

Come let's goe *Charles*, And now my noble Daughter,  
He sell the tiles of my house ere thou shalt want Wench.

Rate up your dinner Sir, and sell it cheape,  
Some younger brother will tak't up in commodities.

Send you joy, Nephew *Eustace*, if you study the Law,  
Keepe your great pippin-pies, they'l goe farre with yee.

*Cha.* Ide have your blessing. *Bri.* No, no, meet me no more,

Farewell, thou wilt blast mine eyes else. *Cha.* I will not.

*Lew.* Nor send not you for Gownes. *Ang.* He weare course flannel first.

*Bri.* Come let's goe take some counsell. *Lew.* Tis too late.

*Bri.* Then stay and dine, it may be we shall vex'em.

Exeunt.

Adus

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter BRISAC, EVSTACE, EGREMONT  
COWSEY.

**N**Ere talke to me, you are no men but Masquers,  
Shapes, shadowes, and the signes of men, Court bubbles,  
That every breath or breakes or blowes away,  
You have no soules, no metall in your bloods,  
No heate to stirre ye when ye have occasion,  
Frozen dull things that must be turn'd with leavers.  
Are you the Courtiers and the travail'd Gallants?  
The spritely fellows, that the people talke of?  
Ye have no more spirit than three sleepey fots.

*Eust.* What would ye have me doe, Sir? *Bri.* Follow your brother,  
And get ye out of doores, and seeke your fortune,  
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard,  
A haire-brain'd puppy, and a bookish boy,  
That never knew a blade above a penknife,  
And how to cut his meate in Characters  
Crosse my designe, and take thy owne Wench from thee,  
In mine owne house too? Thou despis'd poore fellow!

*Eust.* The reverence that I ever beare to you Sir,  
Then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but saucinesse  
T'have been so rough—*Egr.* And we not seeing him  
Strive in his owne cause, that was principall,  
And should have led us on; thought it ill manners  
To beginne a quarrell here. *Bri.* You dare doe nothing.  
Doe you make your care the excuse of your cowardlinesse?  
Three boyes on hobby-horses with three penny halberts,  
Would beate you all. *Cow.* You must not say so. *Bri.* Yes,  
And sing it too. *Cow.* You are a man of peace,  
Therefore we must give way. *Bri.* Ile make my way  
And therefore quickly leave me, or Ile force you;  
And having first torne off your flaunting feathers,  
Ile trample on'em; and if that cannot teach you  
To quit my house, Ile kicke ye out of my gates;  
You gaudy glow-wormes carrying seeming fire,

Yet

Yet have no heat within ye. *Cow.* O blest travail!  
How much we owe thee for our power to suffer?  
*Egre.* Some spleenative youths now that had never seene  
More than their Country smoake would grow in choler.  
It would shew fine in us. *Eust.* Yes marry would it,

That are prime Courtiers, and must know no angers,  
But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose  
To hold our places. *Bri.* Will you finde the doore?  
And finde it suddenly, you shall lead the way, Sir,  
With your perfum'd retinew, and recover

The now lost *Angellina*, or build on it,  
I will adopt some beggers doubtfull issue,  
Before thou shalt inherit. *Eust.* Wee'll to counsell,  
And what may be done by mans wit or valour  
Wee'll put in execution. *Bri.* Doe, or never

Hope I shal know thee. *L.* O Sir, have I found you?

*Bri.* I never hid my selfe, whence flows this fury?

With which as it appeares, you come to fright me,

*Lew.* I smell a plot, a meere conspiracy

Among ye all to defeate me of my daughter,

And if she be not suddenly delivered,

Untainted in her reputation too,

The best of France shall know how I am juggled with,

She is my heire, and if she may be raviht

Thus from my care, farewell Nobility,

Honour and bloud are meere neglected nothings.

*Bri.* Nay then, my Lord, you goe too farre, and taxe him

Whose innocency understand is not what feare is.

If your unconstant daughter will not dwell

On certainties, must you thereforeforth conclude,

That I am fickle? What have I omitted,

To make good my integrity and truth?

Nor can her lightnesse, nor your supposition

Cast an aspersiō on me. *Lew.* I am wounded

In fact, nor can words cure it: doe not trifle,

But speedily, once more I doe repeate it,

Restore my daughter as I brought her hither,

Or you shall heare from me in such a kinde,

As you will blush to answer. *Bri.* All the world

I thinke conspires to vex me, yet I will not

*Exit Lewis.*

Tomen

Torment my selfe, some spritefull mirth must banish  
The rage and melancholy which hath almost choak'd me.  
T' a knowing man tis physicke, and tis thought on,  
One merry houre Ile have in spight of fortune,  
To cheare my heart, and this is that appointed,  
This night Ile hugge my Lilly in mine armes,  
Provocatives are sent before to cheare me;  
Wee old men need'em and though wee pay deare  
For our stolne pleasures, so it be done securely:  
The charge much like a sharpe sawce gives'em relish.  
Well honest *Andrew*, I gave you a farme,  
And it shall have a Beacon to give warning  
To my other Tenants when the Foe approaches;  
And presently, you being bestowed else where,  
Ile grasse it with dexterity on your forehead;  
Indeed I will Lilly, I come, poore *Andrew*:

Actus IV. Scena II.

Enter MIRAMONT, ANDREVV.

Doe they chafe roundly? *And*. As they were rubb'd with soape, Sir,  
And now they sweare alowd, now calme again;  
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the winde still alters,  
And then they sit in councell what to doe,  
And then they jarre againe what shall be done;  
They talke of Warrants from the Parliament,  
Complaints to the King, and forces from the Province,  
They have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes,  
Yet ne'r a one head worth a head of garlicke.

*Mir*. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at'em,  
A couple of pure puppies ycak'd together.

But what sayes the young Courtier Master *Eustace*,  
And his two warlike friends? *And*. They say but little,  
How much they think I know not, they looke rufully,  
As if they had newly come from a vaulting house,  
And had beene quite shot through 'twene winde and water  
By a she Dunkirke, and had sprung a leake, Sir,  
Certaine my Master was too blame *Mir*. Why *Andrew*?

*And*. To take away the Wench oth'sudden from him,  
And give him no lawfull warning, he is tender,

And of a young girls constitution, Sir,  
 Ready to get the greene sicknesse with conceit,  
 Had he but tane his leave in travelling language.  
 Or bought an Elegie of his condolement,  
 That th' World might have tane notice, he had been  
 An asse, 't had been some savour. *Mir.* Thou faillt true,  
 Wife *Andrew* but those Scholars are such things  
 When they can prattle. *And.* Very parlous things Sir.  
*Mir.* And when they gaine the liberty to distinguish  
 The difference 'twixt a father and a foole,  
 To looke below and spie a younger brother  
 Pruning and dressing up his expectations  
 In a rare glasse of beauty, too good for him:  
 Those dreaming Scholars, then turne Tyrants, *Andrew*,  
 And shew no mercy. *And.* The more's the pity, Sir.  
*Mir.* Thou told'st me of a tricke to catch my brother,  
 And anger him a little farther, *Andrew*,  
 It shall be onely anger I assure thee,  
 And a little shame. *And.* And I can fit you, Sir;  
 Harke in your eare. *Mir.* Thy wife? *And.* So I assure ye:  
 This night at twelve a clocke. *Mir.* Tis neat and handsome;  
 There are twenty Crownes due to thy project *Andrew*.  
 I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture  
 He reades to his Mistris. That done Ile not faile  
 To be with you. *And.* Nor I to watch my Master ——— *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scena III.

ANGELLINA, SYLVIA with a Taper.

I'm worse than ere I was, for now I feare  
 That that I love, that that I onely dote on;  
 He followes me through every roome I passe,  
 And with a strange set eye he gazes on me,  
 As if his sparke of innocence were blowne  
 Into a flame of lust; Vertue defend me.  
 His Uncle too is absent, and 'tis night,  
 And what these opportunities may teach him ———  
 What feare and endlesse care tis to be honest!  
 To be a maide, what misery, what mischief!  
 Would I were rid of it, so it were fairely.

*The Elder Brother.*

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*Syl.* You need not feare that, will you be a childe still?

He followes you, but still to looke upon you,  
Or if he did desire to lye with ye

Tis but your owne desire, you love for that end;

He lay my life, if he were now in bed w'ye

He is so modest, he would fall a sleepe straight.

*Ang.* Dare you venter that? *Syl.* Let him consent, and have at ye,

I feare him not, he knowes not what a woman is,

Nor how to finde the mysterie men aime at. ———

Are you afraid of your owne shadow, Madam?

*Ang.* He followes still, yet with a sober face:

Would Inight know the worst, and then I were satisfied

*Syl.* You may both, and let him but goe with ye.

*Cha.* Why doe you flie me? what have I so ill. *Enter Charles.*

About me or within me to deserve it?

*Ang.* I am going to bed Sir. *Cha.* And I am come to light ye;

I am a maide, and 'tis a maidens office;

You may have me to bed without a scruple,

And yet I am chary too who comes about me.

Two innocents should not feare one another.

*Syl.* The Gentleman sayes true. Plucke up your heart, Madam.

*Cha.* The glorious Sun both rising and declining

We boldly looke upon, even then sweet Lady,

When like a modest bride he drawes night's curtaines,

Even then he blushes too, men should behold him.

*Ang.* I feare he will perswade me to mistake him.

*Syl.* Tis easily done, if you will give your minde to't

*Ang.* Pray ye to your bed. *Cha.* Why not to yours, deare Mistris?

One heart one bed. *Ang.* True Sir, when tis lawfull:

But yet you know ——— *Cha.* I Would not know, forget it;

Those are but sickly loves that hang on Ceremony,

Nurst up with doubts and feares, ours high and healthfull,

Full of beleefe and fit to teach the Prie st;

Love should seale first, then hand confirme the bargain.

*Ang.* I shall be an Heretique if this continue.

What would doe a bed? you make me blush, Sir.

*Cha.* I see you sleepe, for sure your sleepes are excellent:

You that are waking such a noted wonder,

Must in your slumbers prove an admiration:

I would see your dreames too, if 'twere possible;

Those were rich shewes. *Ang.* I am becomming Traitor.  
*Cba.* Then like blew *Nepitune* courting of an Island,  
 Where all the perfumes and the pretious things  
 That waite upon great Nature are laid up,  
 Ide clip yee in mine armes, and chastly kisse ye,  
 Dwell in your bosome like your dearest thoughts,  
 And sigh & weep. *Ang.* I've too much woman in me.  
*Cba.* And those true teares falling on your pure Christals,  
 Should turne to armelets for great Queens to weare.  
*Ang.* I must be gone. *Cba.* Doe not, I will not hurt ye;  
 This is to let you know, my worthiest Lady,  
 Y' have clear'd my minde, & I can speak of love too;  
 Feare not my manners, though I never knew  
 Before, these few houres what a beauty was,  
 And such a one that fires all hearts that feelee it;  
 Yet I have read of vertuous temperance,  
 And studied it among my other secrets,  
 And sooner would I force a separation  
 Betwixt this spirit, and the case of flesh,  
 Than but conceive one rudenesse against chastity.  
*Ang.* Then we may walk. *Cba.* And talk of any thing,  
 Any thing fit for your eares; and my language,  
 Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civill;  
 Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,  
 And not desire, T will prove a wise mans task,  
 Yet those desires I have so mingled, Mistris,  
 And tempered with the quality of honour,  
 That if you should consent now, I should hate you.  
 I am no Courtier of a light condition,  
 Apt to take fire at every beauteous sparkle  
 That onely serves his will and wantonnesse,  
 And lets the serious part of life run by  
 As thin neglected sand. Whitenesse of name,  
 You must be mine; why should I rob my self  
 Of that which lawfully must make me happy?  
 Why should I seek to cuckold my delights?  
 And widow all those sweets I aime at in you?  
 We'll loose our selves in *Venus* groves of mirtle,  
 Where every little bird shall be a *Cupid*,  
 And sing of love and youth, each winde that blowes

And



And curls the velvet leaves shall breed delights;  
The wanton springs shall call us to their banks,  
And on the perfum'd flowers woe us to tumble,  
Yet wee'll walke by untainted of their pleasures,  
And as they were pure Temples wee'll talke in them.

Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a faire end  
Of our faire loves; would I were worthy of you,  
Or of such parents that might give you thanks:

But I am poore in all but your affections:

Once more, good night. Cba. The dew of sleep fall on you,  
And lock up those faire lights in pleasing slumbers;  
No dreames but chaste and clear attempt your fancy,  
And break betimes sweet morne, I've lost my light else.

Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.

Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-Schoole, hee's so simple.

Ser. Your brother with two Gallants is at door, Sir, { Enter a  
And they're so violent, they'l not be kept out. { Servant.

Ang. This is no time of night. Cba. Let 'em in Mistresse.

Ser. They stay no leave; Shall I raise the house on 'em?

Cba. Not a man, nor make no murmur of't I charge ye.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVISY.

Th' are here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me.

How doe you brother with your curious story?

Have you not read her ore sufficiently?

Cba. No, brother, no, I stay yet in the Preface;

The stile's too hard for you. Eust. I must entreate her,  
She's parcell of my goods. Cba. She's all when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir;

Nor I, nor what I have depend on you.

Cba. Do, let her alone, she gives good counsell; doe not  
Trouble your selfe with Ladies, they are too light;

Let out your land, and get a provident Steward.

Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfie you;

Such vanities as you are to be laught at.

Eust. Nay, then you must goe, I must claime my owne.

Bath. Away, away with her. Cba. Let her alone, { She strikes off

Pray let her alone, and take your coxcomb up: { Eustace's hat.

Let me talke civilly a while with you brother,

It may be on some tearms I may part with her.

*Eust.* O, is your heart come downe? what are your tearmes, Sir?

Put up, put up. *Cba.* This is the first and chiefeft,

Let's walke a turne; now stand off fooles, I aduise ye, { *Snatches away his*

Stand as farre off as you would hope for mercy :

This is the first *Sword* yet I ever handled,

And a sword's a beauteous thing to look upon,

And if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence :

Tis sharp I'me sure, and if I put it home,

Tis ten to one I shall new pinke your Sattins :

I finde I have spirit enough to dispose of it,

And will enough to make ye all examples :

Let me toss it round, I have the full command on't :

Fetch me a native Fencer, I desire him ;

I feele the fire of ten strong spirits in me.

Doe you watch me when my Uncle is absent ?

This is my griefe, I shall be fleisht on Cowards ;

Teach me to fight, I willing am to learne.

Are ye all gilded Flies, nothing but shew in ye ?

Why stand ye gaping? who now touches her?

Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me ?

But name her as his owne, who dares looke on her?

That shall be mortall too, to think is dangerous.

Art thou a fit man to inherit land,

And hast no wit nor spirit to maintaine it ?

Stand stil thou signe of man, and pray for thy friends,

Pray heartily, good prayers may restore ye.

*Ang.* But doe not kill 'em Sir. *Cba.* You speak too late; Deare,

It is my first fight, and I must doe bravely,

I must not looke with partiall eyes on any;

I cannot spare a button of these gentlemen;

Did life lye in their heele *Achilles* like,

I'de shoot my anger at those parts, & kil 'em.

Who waits within ? *Ser. Sir. Cba.* View all these, view 'em wells

Goe round about 'em and still view their faces,

Round about yet, See how death waites upon 'em,

For thou shalt never view 'em more. *Eust.* Pray hold, Sir.

*Cba.* I cannot hold, you stand so faire before me,

I must not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.

Goe to my Uncle, bid him post to the King,

And

And get my pardon instantly, I have need on't.

*Eust.* Are you so unnaturall? *Cba.* You shall die last Sir,

Ile take thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.

Come, will ye come? me thinkes I've fought whole battailes.

*Cow.* We have no quarrell to you, that we know on, Sir.

*Egr.* We'll quit the house and aske ye mercy too:

Good Lady, let no murder be done here;

VVe came but to parly. *Cba.* How my sword

Thirsts after them? stand away Sweet. *Eust.* Pray Sir,

Take my submission, and I disclaime for ever.

*Cba.* Away ye poore slight despicable Creatures!

Doe you come post to fetch a Lady from me,

From a poore Schoole-boy that ye scorn'd of late?

And grow lame in your hearts when you should execute?

Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her;

What did you bring to carry her? *Egr.* A Coach and four horses.

*Cba.* But are they good? *Egr.* As good as France can shew Sir.

*Cba.* Are you willing to leave those, and take your safeties?

Speake quickly. *Eust.* Yes with all our hearts. *Cba.* Tis done then:

Many have got one horse, I've got four by th' bargain.

Enter MIRAMONT.

*Mir.* How now, who's here? *Ser.* Nay now, y'are gone without baile.

*Mir.* VVhat, drawne my friends? Fetch me my two-hand sword;  
I will not leave a head on your shoulders, wretches.

*Eust.* In truth Sir, I came but to doe my duty.

*Botb.* And we to renew our loves. *Mir.* Bring me a blanket.

VVhat came they for? *Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir;

But one who never fought yet has so frighted um

So bastinado'd them with manly carriage,

They stand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to stone:

They watch'd your being absent, and then thought

They might doe wonders here, and they have done so;

For by my troth, I wonder at their coldnesse,

The nipping North or frosts never came neer them,

*St. George* upon a Signe wou'd grow more sensible;

If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,

These were the most sufficient men to doe it

In all the world, and yet they are but young,

VVhat will they rise too? They are as full of fire

As

As a frozen Glo-wormes taile, and shine as goodly ;  
 Nobility and patience are match'd rarely  
 In these three Gentlemen, they have right use on't ;  
 They'll stand still for an houre and be beaten.  
 These are the Anagrams of three great Worthies.  
 Mir. They will infect my house with cowardize,  
 If they breathe longer in it ; my rooffe covers  
 No bass'd Monieurs, walk and aire your selves ;  
 As I live, they stay not here, white liver'd wretches !  
 VVithout one word to aske the reason why,  
 Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed ;  
 For if I take ye in hand I shall dissect you,  
 And reade upon your flegmatick dull carcasses.  
 My horse againe there : I have other businesse,  
 Which you shall heare hereafter and laugh at it.  
 Good night *Charles*, faire goodnesse to you deare Lady,  
 'Tis late, 'tis late. *Ang.* Pray Sir be carefull of us.  
 Mir. It is enough, my best care shall attend ye. — *Exeunt.*

*Actus IV. Scena IV.**Enter ANDREVV.*

Are you come old Master ? very good, your horse  
 Is well set up, but ere ye part, Ile ride you,  
 And spur your reverend Justiceship such a question,  
 As I shall make the sides o' your reputation bleed,  
 Truly I will. Now must I play at Bo-peep---  
 A banquet---well, Potatoes and Eringoes,  
 And as I take it, Cantharides,---Excellent,  
 A priapisme follows, and shall too as Ile handle it,  
 It shall old lecherous Goate in authority.  
 Now they beginne to bill; How he slavers her.  
 Gramercy Lilly, she spits his kisses out,  
 And now he offers to fumble she falls off,  
 (That's a good wench ) and cries faire play aboveboard.  
 VVho are they in the corner ? As I live  
 A covey of Fidlers ; I shall have some Musick yet  
 At my making free oth' company of Horners ;  
 There's the comfort, and a song too! He beckens for one —  
 Sure 'tis no Anthem nor no borrowed rhymes

Out

Out of the Schoole of vertue; I will listen---A Song.

This was never penn'd at Geneva, the note's too spritely.

So, so, the musick's paid for, and now what follows?

O that Monsieur Miramont would but keep his word,

Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter,

At the most 'tis not six minutes riding from his house,

Nor will he break I hope---O are you come Sir?

The prey is in the net, and will break in

*Enter Miramont.*

Upon occasion. *Mir.* Thou shalt rule me *Andrew.*

O th' infinite fright that will assaile this Gentleman!

The quarters, tertians, and quotidians

That will hang like Sergeants on his worships shoulders!

The humiliation of the flesh of this man!

This grave austere man will be wondred at.

How will those solemn looks appear to me,

And that severe face, that spake chains and shackles?

Now I take him in the nick, ere I' done with him,

He had better have stood between two panes of wainscot

And made his recantation in the market,

Than heare me conjure him. *And.* He must passe this way,

To th' onely bed I have, he comes, stand close.

*Bri.* Well done, well done, give me night my cap. So, *Enter Brisch Lilly*

Quick, quick, untrusse me; I will trusse and trounce thee;

Come wench a kisse between each point, kisse close;

It is a sweet Parenthesis. *Lil.* Y' are merry Sir.

*Bri.* Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feele it,

Thou shalt my *Lilly.* *Lil.* Shall I aire your bed, Sir?

*Bri.* No, no, le use no warming pan but thine, girle;

That's all; come kifs me again. *Lil.* Ha' ye done yet?

*Bri.* No, but I will doe, and doe wonders, *Lilly.*

Shew me the way. *Lil.* You cannot misse it, Sir;

You shall have a cawdle in the morning, for

Your worships breakfast. *Bri.* How, ith' morning *Lilly?*

Th' art such a witty thing to draw me on.

Leave fooling, *Lilly,* I am hungry now,

And th' halt another Kickshaw, I must taste it.

*Lil.* I will make you surfet, I am tender of you,

Y' have all y' are like to have. *And.* Can this be earnest?

*Mir.* It seems so, and she honest. *Bri.* Have I not

Thy promise *Lilly?* *Lil.* Yes, and I have performed

Enough to a man of your yeares, this is truth,  
 And you shall find Sir, you have kist and tows'd me,  
 Handled my leg and foot, what would you more, Sir?  
 As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,  
 And th'labour in an old man would breed Agues,  
 Sciaticaes, and Cramps; you shall not curse me,  
 For taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir:  
 Be good unto your selfe, y' have tane already  
 All you can take with ease; you are past threshing,  
 It is a work too boisterous for you, leave  
 Such drudgery to *Andrew*. *Mir.* How she jeeres him?  
*Lil.* Let *Andrew* alone with his own tillage,  
 Hee's tough, and can manure it. *Bri.* Y'are a quean,  
 A scoffing jeering quean. *Lil.* It may be so, but  
 I'me sure, Ile nere be yours. *Bri.* Doe not provoke me,  
 If thou do'st, Ile have my Farm again, and turn  
 Thee out a begging. *Lil.* Though you have the will,  
 And want of honesty to deny your Deed, Sir,  
 Yet I hope *Andrew* has got so much learning  
 From my young Master, as to keep his own.  
*And.* I warrant thee Wench.

*Lil.* At the worst, Ile tell a short tale to the Judges,  
 For what grave ends you sign'd your Lease, and on  
 What termes you would revoke it. *Bri.* Whore thou dar'st not.  
 Yeeld or Ile have thee whipt; How my blood boiles,  
 As if 'twere ore a furnace! *Mir.* I shall coole it.  
*Bri.* Yet gentle *Lilly*, pitie and forgive me,  
 Ile be a friend t'ye, such a loving bountifull friend——  
*Lil.* To avoid suits in Law, I would grant a little.  
*And.* A Whore, a Whore.

*Lil.* But should fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become  
 Of me? *Bri.* Nothing but well, Wench,  
 I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,  
 As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*.  
 Nay, he shall hold the doore, as I will work him,  
 And thank thee for the Office. *Mir.* Take heed *Andrew*,  
 These are shrewd temptations. *And.* Pray you know  
 Your Cue, and second me Sir; By your Worships favour.  
*Bri.* *Andrew*! *And.* I come in time to take possession  
 Of th'office you assigne me; hold the doore,  
 Alas 'tis nothing for a simple man

To stay without when a deep understanding  
Holds conference with his wife within.

A trifle Sir, I know I hold my Farm  
In Cuckolds Tenure ; you are Lord o'the soyle Sir,  
Lilly is a Weft, a Stray, thee's yours, to use Sir,  
I claim no interest in her. *Bri.* Art thou serious ?

Speak honest *Andrew* since thou hast ore-heard us,  
And wink at small faults, man ; I'me but a pidler  
A little will serve my turn, thou'lt finde enough  
When I've my belly full ; wilt thou be private  
And silent ? *And.* By all meanes, Ile onely have  
A Ballad made of't, sung to some lewd tune,  
And the name of it shall be *Justice Trap*,  
It will sell rarely with your Worships name,  
And *Lillies* on the top. *Bri.* Seek not the ruine  
O'my reputation, *Andrew.* *And.* Tis for your credit,  
*Monsieur Brisac* printed in capitall letters,  
Then pasted upon all the posts in *Paris*.

*Bri.* No mercy, *Andrew* ? *And.* O it will proclaim you  
From th'Citie to the Court, and prove sport royall.

*Bri.* Thou shalt keep thy Farm. *Mir.* He does afflict him rarely,

*And.* You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,

The vizard of his hypocrisie pull'd off

To the Judge criminall. *Bri.* O, I am undone,

*And.* Hee's put out of Commission with disgrace,

And held incapable of bearing office

Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,

And this Ile put in practice. *Bri.* Doe but heare me.

*And.* To bring me back from my Grammar to my Horn-book,

It is unpardonable. *Bri.* Doe not play the Tyrant ;

Accept of composition. *Lil.* Heare him *Andrew.*

*And.* What composition ? *Bri.* Ile confirm thy Farm,

And adde unto't an hundred acres more

Adjoyning to it. *And.* Umb, This mollifies,

But y'are so sickle, and will again deny this,

There being no witnesse by. *Bri.* Call any witnesse,

Ile presently assure it. *And.* Say you so,

Troth there's a friend of mine Sir, within hearing,

That is familiar with all that's past,

His testimony will be authentickall.

*Bri.* Will he be secret ? *And.* You may tie his tongue up,

As you would doe your purse-firings. *Bri. Miramont. Mir. Ha, ha, ha.*

*And.* This is my witnesse. Lord how you are troubled ?  
Sure, y' have an ague, you shake so with choler ;  
He's your loving brother Sir, and will tell no body  
But all he meets, that you have eate a snake,  
And are growne young, game some, and rampant. *Bri. Caught thus ?*

*And* If he were one that would make Jests of you,  
Or plague ye with making your religious gravity  
Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had  
Some cause to be perplexed. *Bri.* I shall become  
Discourse for Clowns and Tapsters. *And. Quicke, Lilly, quick.*  
Hee's now past killing, between point and point.  
He swoonds, fetch him some Cordiall—Now put in Sir.

*Mir.* Who may this be ? sure this is some mistake:

Let me see his face, weares he not a false beard ?

It cannot be *Brisac* that worthy Gentleman,

The pillar and the patron of his country ;

He is too prudent and too cautelous,

Experience hath taught him t' avoid these fooleries,

He is the punisher and not the doer,

Besides he's old and cold, unfit for women ;

This is some counterfeit, he shall be whipt for't,

Some base abuser of my worthy brother.

*Bri.* Open the doores, will y' imprison me ? are you my Judges ?

*Mir.* The man raves ! This is not judicious *Brisac* :

Yet now I thinke on't, a' has a kinde of dog look

Like my brother, a guilty hanging face.

*Bri.* Ile suffer bravely, doe your worst, doe, doe.

*Mir.* Why, it's manly in you. *Bri.* Nor will I raile nor curse,

You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you,

But all the torments that ere fell on men,

That fed on mischief, fall heavily on you all.

*Exit.*

*Lil.* You have given him a heave, Sir. *Mir.* He will ride you

The better *Lilly.* *And.* Wee'll teach him to meddle with us Scholars.

*Mir.* He shall make good his promise t'encrease thy Farm, *Andrew,*  
Or Ile seere him to death, feare nothing *Lilly,*  
I am thy Champion. This jest goes to *Charles,*

And



*The Elder Brother.*

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And then Ile hunt him out, and Monsieur Eustace  
The gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily  
To see 'em mourne together. *And. T*will be rare, Sir. *Exeunt.*

*Actus 5. Scœna 1.*

EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY.

**T**Urn'd out of doores and baffled ! *Egr.* We share with you  
In the affront. *Cow.* Yet beare it not like you  
With such dejection. *Eust.* My Coach and horses made  
The ranfome of our cowardize. *Cow.* Pish, that's nothing,  
*Tis* *Dammum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.  
*Egr.* It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes,  
And after squeeze him with a dozen of oathes.  
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.  
*Eust.* And does the Court that should be the example.  
And Oracle of the Kingdome, reade to us  
No other doctrine. *Egr.* None that thrives so well  
As that, within my knowledg. *Cow.* Flatt'ry rubs out,  
But since great men learne to admire themselves,  
*Tis* something crest-faln. *Egr.* To be of no Religion,  
Argues a subtle morall understanding,  
And it is often cherisht. *Eust.* Piety then,  
And valour, nor to do nor suffer wrong,  
Are there no vertues. *Egr.* Rather vices, *Eustace* ;  
Fighting ! What's fighting ? It may be in fashion,  
Among Provant swords, and buffe-jerkin men :  
But w'us that swim in choise of silkes and Tissues ;  
Though in defence of that word reputation,  
Which is indeed a kinde of glorious nothing,  
To lose a dram of blood must needs appear  
As coarse as to be honest. *Eust.* And all this  
You seriously beleeve. *Cow.* It is a faith,  
That we will die in, since from the black guard  
To the grim Sir in office, there are few  
Hold other tenets. *Eust.* Now my eyes are open,

G 3

And:

And I behold a strong necessity  
 That keeps me knave and coward. *Cow.* Y'are the wiser.  
*Eust.* Nor can I change my Copy, if I purpose  
 To be of your society. *Egre.* By no meanes.  
*Eust.* Honour is nothing with you? *Cow.* A meere bubble,  
 For what's grown common is no more regarded.  
*Eust.* My sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd,  
 You think's no blemish. *Egre.* Get me a battoon,  
 Tis twenty times more Courtlike, and lesse trouble.  
*Eust.* And yet you weare a Sword. *Cow.* Yes, and a good one,  
 A Millan hilt, and a Damasco blade,  
 For ornament, not use the Court allowes it.  
*Eust.* Will't not fight of it self? *Cow.* I nere try'd this,  
 Yet I have worn as faire as any man,  
 I'm sure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid  
 For severall weapons, Turkish and Toledo's,  
 Two thousand Crownes, and yet could never light  
 Upon a fighting one. *Eust.* Ile borrow this,  
 I like it well. *Cow.* Tis at your service, Sir,  
 A lath in a velvet scabbard, will serve my turn.  
*Eust.* And now I have it, leave me, y'are infectious,  
 The plague and leprosie of your baseness spreading  
 On all that doe come neere you, such as you  
 Render the throne of Majesty, the Court  
 Suspected and contemptible, you are Scarabee's  
 That batten in her dung, and have no pallats  
 To taste her curious viands, and like Owles  
 Can onely see her night deformities,  
 But with the glorious splendor of her beauties  
 You are struck blinde as Moles, that undermine  
 The sumptuous building that allowd you shelter,  
 You stick like running ulcers on her face,  
 And taint the purenesse of her native candor.  
 And being bad servants, cause your Masters goodnes  
 To be disputed of; make you the Court,  
 That is the abstract of all Academies,  
 To teach and practice noble undertakings.  
 (Where Courage sits triumphant crown'd with Lawrell,  
 And Wisdome loaded with the weight of honour)  
 A Schoole of vices. *Egre.* What sudden rapture's this?

*Eust*

*Eust.* A heavenly one, that raising me from sloth and ignorance,  
 (In which your conversation long hath charm'd me)  
 Carries me up into the aire of action,  
 And knowledge of my selfe; even now I feele  
 But pleading onely in the Courts defence,  
 (Though farre short of her merits and bright lustre)  
 A happy alteration, and full strength  
 To stand her Champion against all the world,  
 That throw aspersions on her. *Cow.* Sure hee'l beat us,  
 I see it in his eyes. *Egre.* A second Charles;  
 Pray look not Sir so furiously. *Eust.* Recant  
 What you have said, ye Mungrils, and lick up  
 The vomit you have cast upon the Court,  
 Where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding,  
 And sweare that you like Spiders, have made payson  
 Of that which was a saving Antidote.  
*Egre.* We will sweare any thing. *Cow.* We honour the Court  
 As a most sacred place. *Egre.* And will make oath,  
 If you enjoyn us to't, nor knave, nor foole,  
 Nor Coward living in it. *Eust.* Except you two,  
 You Rascals! *Cow.* Yes, we are all these, and more,  
 If you will have it so. *Eust.* And that untill  
 You are again reform'd and grown new men,  
 You nere presume to name the Court, or presse  
 Into the Porters Lodge, but for a penance,  
 To be disciplin'd for your roguery, and this done  
 With true contrition. *Botb.* Yes Sir. *Eust.* You againe,  
 May eat scraps, and be thankfull. *Cow.* Heres a cold breakfast  
 After a sharp nights walking. *Eust.* Keep your oathes,  
 And without grumbling vanishe. *Botb.* We are gone, Sir. *Exeunt.*  
*Eust.* May all the poornesse of my spirit goe with you,  
 The fetters of my thraldome are fil'd off:  
 And I at liberty to right my selfe,  
 And though my hope in *Angellina's* little.  
 My honour (unto which compar'd thee's nothing)  
 Shall like the Sunne disperse those lowring Clouds,  
 That yet obscure and d'mme it; not the name  
 Of brother shall divert me, but from him,  
 That in the worlds opinion ruin'd me,  
 I will seek reparation, and call him

Unto

Unto a strict accompt. Ha! 'tis neere day,  
 And if the Muses friend rose-cheek'd *Aurora*,  
 Invite him to this solitary grove,  
 As I much hope she will; he seldome missing  
 To pay his vowes here to her, I shall hazzard  
 To hinder his devotions--- The doore opens--- *Enter Charles*  
 'Tis he most certaine, and by's side my sword,  
 Blest opportunity. *Cba.* I have ore slept my selfe,  
 And lost part of the morne, but Ile recover it:  
 Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes  
 Within my Table-book, which I will now consider.  
 Ha! What means this? What doe I with a sword?  
 Learn'd *Mercury* needs not the aide of *Mars*, and innocence  
 Is to it selfe a guard, yet since armes ever  
 Protect arts, I may justly weare and use it,  
 For since 'twas made my prize, I know not how  
 I'me grown in love with't, & cannot eat nor study,  
 And much lesse walke without it: but I trifle,  
 Matters of more weight ask my judgement. *Eust.* None Sir,  
 Treat of no other Theme, Ile keep you to it,  
 And see y' expound it well. *Cba.* *Eustace!* *Eust.* The same Sir,  
 Your younger brother, who as duty bindes him,  
 Hath all this night (turn'd out of doores) attended,  
 To bid good morrow t'ye. *Cba.* This not in scorne,  
 Commands me to return it, Would you ought'elfe?  
*Eust.* O much, Sir, here I end not, but beginne;  
 I must speake to you in another strain,  
 Than yet I ever us'd, and if the language  
 Appeare in the delivery rough and harsh,  
 You (being my Tutor) must condemne your selfe,  
 From whom I learn'd it. *Cba.* When I understand  
 (Bee't in what stile you please) what's your demand,  
 I shall endeavour in the selfe same phrase  
 To make an answer to the point. *Eust.* I come not  
 To lay claime to your birthright, 'tis your own,  
 And 'tis fit you enjoy it, nor aske I from you  
 Your learning and deep knowledge; (though I am not  
 A Scholar as you are) I know them *Diamonds*  
 By your sole industry, patience and labour  
 Fore'd from steep rocks, and with much toyle attended,

And

And but to few, that prize their value granted,  
 And therefore without rivall freely weare them.  
*Cba.* These not repin'd at (as you seem t'enform me)  
 The motion must be of a strange condition,  
 If I refuse to yeeld to't, therefore *Eustace*,  
 Without this tempest in your looks propound it,  
 And feare not a deniall. *Eust.* I require then,  
 (As from an enemy, and not a brother)  
 The reputation of a man, the honour,  
 Not by a faire war wonne when I was waking,  
 But in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me,  
 With these, the restitution of my sword,  
 With large acknowledgement of satisfaction,  
 My Coach, my Horses, I will part with life,  
 Ere lose one haire of them, and what concludes all,  
 My Mistresse *Angellina*, as she was  
 Before the musicall Magick of thy tongue  
 Incharmed and seduc'd her. These perform'd,  
 And with submission, and done publicly  
 At my Fathers and my Uncles intercession,  
 (That I put in too) I perhaps may listen  
 To tearms of reconcilment; but if these  
 In every circumstance are not subscrib'd to,  
 To th' last gasp I defie thee. *Cba.* These are strict  
 Conditions to a brother. *Eust.* My rest is up,  
 Nor will I give lesse. *Cba.* I'me no Gamester, *Eustace*,  
 Yet I can guesse your resolution stands  
 To win or lose all; I rejoyce to finde ye  
 Thus tender of your honour, and that at length  
 You understand what a wretched thing you were,  
 How deeply wounded by your self, and made  
 Almost incurable, in your own hopes  
 The dead flesh of pale cowardise growing over  
 Your festred reputation, which no balme  
 Or gentle unguent ever could make way to,  
 And I am happy, that I was the Surgeon,  
 That did apply those burning corrosives  
 That render you already sensible  
 O th' danger you were plung'd in, teaching you,  
 And by a faire gradation, how farre

H

And

And with what curious respect and care  
 The peace and credit of a man within,  
 (Which you were thought till now) should be prefer'd  
 Before a gawdy out-side, pray you fix here,  
 For so farre I goe with you. *Eust.* This discourse  
 Is from the subject. *Cba.* Ile come to it brother,  
 But if you think to build upon my ruines,  
 You'll finde a false foundation, your high offers  
 Taught by the Masters of dependancie,  
 That by compounding differences 'tween others,  
 Supply their own necessities, with me  
 Will never carry't; As you are my brother,  
 I would dispence a little, but no more  
 Than honour can give way to; nor must I  
 Destroy that in my selfe I love in you,  
 And therefore let not hopes nor threats perswade you,  
 I will descend to any composition,  
 For which I may be censur'd. *Eust.* You shal fight then,  
*Cba.* With much unwillingnesse with you, but if  
 There's no evasion—*Eust.* None. *Cba.* Heare yet a word,  
 As for the sword, and other fripperies,  
 In a faire way send for them, you shall have 'em,  
 But rather than surrender *Angellina*,  
 Or heare it again mention'd, I oppose  
 My breast unto lowd t'under, call behinde me  
 All ties of Nature. *Eust.* She detein'd, I'me deafe  
 To all perswasion. *Cba.* Guard thy selfe then *Eustace*,  
 I use no other Rhetorick. *Mir.* Clashing of swords. *Enter*  
 So neere my house? brother oppos'd to brother? *Miram.*  
 Here is no fencing at half-sword, hold, hold,  
*Charles, Eustace.* *Eust.* Second him, or call in more help,  
 Come not between us, Ile not know nor spare you;  
 D'ye fight by th'book? *Cba.* Tis you that wrong me, off Sir,  
 And suddenly Ile conjure down the spirit  
 That I have raised in him. *Eust.* Never *Charles*,  
 Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.  
*Mir.* I'me out of breath, yet trust not too much to't boyes.  
 For if you pause not suddenly, and heare reason.  
 Doe, kill your Uncle, doe, but that I'me patient,  
 And not a cholerick old teasty foole,

Like

Like your father, I'de dance a matachin with you,  
Should make you sweat your best blood for't, I would,  
And it may be I wil. *Charles* I command thee,  
And *Eustace* I intreat thee, th'art a brave Spark,  
A true tough metal'd blade, and I begin  
To love thee heartily, give me a fighting Courtier,  
He cherish him for example; in our age,  
Th'are not born every day. *Cha.* You of late Sir,  
In me lov'd learning. *Mir.* True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*,  
Twas when young *Eustace* wore his heart in's breeches,  
And fought his battails in Complements and Cringes,  
When's understanding wav'd in a flaunting Feather,  
And his best contemplation look'd no further  
Than a new fashion'd doublet, I confesse then  
The lofty noyle your Greek made onely pleas'd me,  
But now hee's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*,  
Nay, the whole dozen of Peeres are bound up in him;  
Let me remember, when I was of his yeares,  
I did look very like him, and did you see  
My picture as I was then, you would sweare  
That gallant *Eustace*, (I mean, now he dares fight)  
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.  
Nay, nay, no anger, you shall have enough *Charles*.  
*Cha.* Sure Sir, I shall not need addition from him.  
*Eust.* Nor I from any, this shall decide my interest,  
Though I am lost to all deserving men,  
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely  
Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted,  
By yeelding to a minute of delay  
In my revenge, and from that made a stranger  
Unto my Fathers house and favour, orewhelm'd  
With all disgraces, yet I will mount upward,  
And force my selfe a Fortune, though my birth  
And breeding doe deny it. *Cha.* Seek not *Eustace*,  
By violence what will be offered to you,  
On easier composition; though I was not  
Allied unto your weaknesse, you shall finde me  
A brother to your bravery of spirit,  
And one that not compell'd to t by your sword,  
(which I must never feare) will share with you,

In all but *Argellina*. *Mir.* Nobly said *Charles*,  
 And learne from my experience, you may heare reason  
 And never maime your fighting; for your credit  
 Which you think you have lost, spare *Charles* and swinge me,  
 Aud soundly; three or four walking velvet cloakes  
 That weare no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it,  
 Thou art made up again. *Eust.* All this is lip-salve.

*Mir.* It shall be Hearts-ease, *Eustace*, ere I've done;  
 As for thy fathers anger, now thou dar'st fight,  
 Nere fear't, for I've the dowcets of his gravity  
 Fast in a string, and will so pinch and wring him,  
 That spight of his authority, thou shalt make  
 Thine own conditions with him. *Eust.* Ile take leave  
 A little to consider. *Cba.* Here comes *Andrew*.

*Mir.* But without his Comicall and learned face,  
 What sad disaster, *Andrew*? *And.* You may reade Sir,  
 A Tragedy in my face. *Mir.* Art thou in earnest?

*And.* Yes, by my life Sir, and if now you help not,  
 And speedily by force or by perswasion,  
 My good old Master (for now I pity him) is  
 Ruin'd for ever. *Cba.* Ha, my father! *And.* He Sir.

*Mir.* By what meanes? *speake.* *And.* At the suite of *Monfieur Lewis*?

His house is seiz'd upon, and he in person  
 Is under guard, (I saw it with these eyes Sir)  
 To be convey'd to *Paris*, and there sentenc'd.

*Mir.* Nay, then there is no jesting. *Cba.* Do I live,  
 And know my father injur'd? *And.* And what's worse Sir,  
 My Lady *Angellina*—— *Eust.* What of her?

*And.* She's carried away too. *Mir.* How? *And.* While you were  
 absent.

A crew of *Monsieur Lewis* friends and kinsmen  
 By force brake in at th' back part of the house  
 And tooke her away by violence, faithfull *Andrew*,  
 (As this can witnesse for him) did his best,  
 In her defence, but 'twould not do. *Mir.* Away,  
 And see our horses saddled, 'tis no time  
 To talke, but doe: *Eustace*, you now are offer'd  
 A spacious field, and in a plotis warre  
 To exercise your valour, here's a cause,



And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,  
Your duty and reverence due to a fathers name  
Commanding it; but these unnatural ja  
Arising between brothers (should you prosper)  
Would shame your victory. *Est.* I would doe much Sir,  
But still my reputation! *Mir.* Charles shall give you  
All decent satisfaction; nay, joine hands,  
And heartily; why this is done like brothers;  
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns  
The honour of our family, *Monfieur Lewis*  
(If reason cannot work) shall fide and feele  
There's hot blood in this arme, Ile lead you bravely.  
*Est.* And if I follow not, a Cowards name  
Be branded on my forehead. *Oba.* This spirit makes you  
A sharer in my fortunes. *Mir.* And in mine,  
Of which (*Brisac* once freed, and *Angellina*  
Againe in our possession) you shall know  
My heart speakes in my tongue, *Est.* I dare not doubt it, Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus V. Scena II.*

Enter LEWIS, BRISAC, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA,  
*Officers.*

*Lew.* I'me deaf to all perswasion. *Bri.* I use none,  
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers,  
But when the King shall understand how falsly  
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice  
Must set me right again. *Ang.* Sir, let not passion  
So far transport you as to thinke in reason,  
This violent course repaires, but rather ruines  
That honour you would build up: you destroy  
What you would seem to nourish, if respect  
Of my preferment or my reputation  
May challenge your paternall love and care,  
Why doe you now fortune has provided  
A better husband for me than your hopes  
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him?  
In what is my Love *Charles* defective, Sir?  
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,  
Or well proportion'd limbs held mullets in Nature,

Or what you onely aim'd at large revenewes,  
 Are on the sudden grown distastfull to you ?  
 Of what can you accuse him ? *Lew.* Of a rape  
 Done to thy honour, which thy ravenous lust  
 Made thee consent to. *Syl.* Her lust ! you are her father.  
*Lew.* And thou her Bawd. *Syl.* Were you ten Lords, 'tis false,  
 The purenesse of her chaste thoughts entertain not  
 Such spotted instruments. *Ang.* As I have a soule Sir.  
*Lew.* I am not to be alter'd, to sit down

With this disgrace would argue me a Peasant,  
 And not born noble : all rigour that the Law  
 And that encrease of power by favour yeelds,  
 Shall be with all severity inflicted ;

You have the Kings hand for't ; no Baile will serve,  
 And therefore at your perils, Officers away with 'em.

*Bri.* This is madnesse. *Lew.* Tell me so in open Court,  
 And there Ile answer you. *Mir.* Well overtaken.

*Cba.* Kill if they dare resist. *Eust.* He that advances  
 But one step forward dies. *Lew.* Shew the Kings writ  
*Mir.* Shew your discretion, 'twill become you better.

*Cba.* Y'are once more in my power, and if again  
 I part with you, let me for ever lose thee.

*Eust.* Force will not do't, nor threats, accept this service  
 From your despair'd of *Eustace.* And. And beware  
 Your reverend Worship never more attempt  
 To search my Lilly-pot, you see what followes.

*Lew.* Is the Kings power contemn'd ? *Mir.* No, but the torrent  
 Of your wilfull folly stoppt. And for you good, Sir,  
 If you would but be sensible, what can you wish

But the satisfaction of an obstinate will,  
 That is not in dear'd to you ? rather than

Be crost in what you purpos'd, you'll undo  
 Your daughters fame, the credit of your judgement,  
 And your old foolish neighbour : make your states,  
 In a suit not worth a Cardecue,

A prey to Advocates, and their Buckram Scribes,  
 And after they have plumb'd ye, return home  
 Like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.

*Cba.* This is a most strong truth Sir. *Mir.* No, no, Monsieur,  
 Let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge,

But

But when our follies are repeld by reason,  
Tis fit that we retreat, and nere come on more :  
Observe my learned *Charles*, he'l get thee a nephew  
On *Angellina* shall dispute in her belly,  
And suck the nurse by Logick : and heres *Eustace*,  
He was an Ass, but now is grown an *Amadis* ;  
Nor shall he want a wife, if all my land  
For a joynture can effect it : Yare a good Lord,  
And of a gentle nature, in your looks  
I see a kinde consent, and it shewes lovely ;  
And do you hear old fool ?

*Bri.* Your brother Sir. *Mir.* but Ile not chide,  
Hereafter like me, ever doate on learning,  
The meere belife is excellent, 'twill save you ;  
And next love valour though you dare not fight  
Your self, or fright a foolish Officer, young *Eustace*  
Can doe it to a haire. And to conclude,  
Let *Andrews* Farm b'encreas'd, that is your penance,  
You know for what, and see you rut no more :  
You understand me, to embrace on all sides.

Ile pay those Billmen, and make large amends ;  
Provided we continue still good friends. ——— *Exeunt.*

**FINIS.**



## Epilogue.

**T**Is not the hands, or smiles, or common way  
 Of approbation to a well-lik'd Play,  
 We onely hope ; But that you freely would  
 To th' Author's memory, so far unfold,  
 And shew your loves and liking to his wit,  
 Not in your praise, but often seeing it ;  
 That being the grand assurance that can give  
 The Poet and the Player means to live.

FINIS.



